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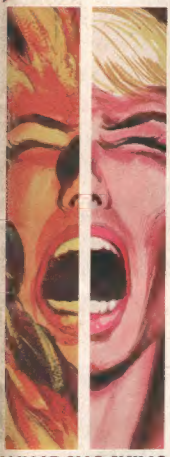
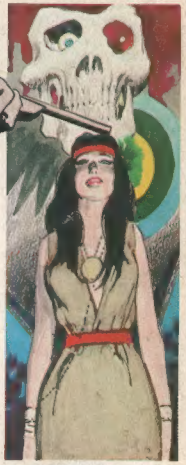


WHAT SHOCKING STORY DID THE GIRL UNDER HYPNOSIS TELL THAT PROVES ... "MEN CAN LIVE FOREVER!"

FOTO-FEATURE!



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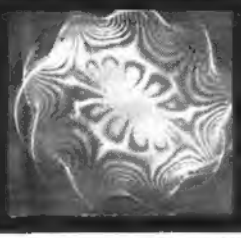

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SPIRIT WORLD

EDITOR
JACK KIRBY

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STEVE SHERMAN & MARK EVANIER

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SPIRIT WORLD, No. 1, 1st Issue 1971. Published quarterly by HAMPSHIRE DISTRIBUTORS LTD., 2nd & Dickey Sts., Sparta, Ill. 62286. EDITORIAL EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 909 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Jack Kirby, Editor — Carmine Infantino, Publisher — Sol Harrison, Production Manager. Ed Lobaczewski, Circulation Director. No subscriptions.

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"THE SKY GREW DARK AND THE SUN DROPPED TO THE HORIZON!
"FROM BEHIND ME, CAME THE SOUND OF A RIFLE SHOT!!
"IN MY REAR-VIEW MIRROR, I SAW THE AMERICAN FLAG FALL TO THE GROUND!!"
THIS IS HOW IT BEGINS!--WITH THE AMAZING STATEMENT OF ONE WOMAN WHO MAY BE ANOTHER LINK TO A NATIONAL, PSYCHIC CHAIN PHENOMENON!!
IT LASTS ONLY SECONDS! BUT ITS EFFECTS ARE A TRAUMATIC JOLT TO THE EMOTIONAL, PHYSICAL AND, YES, SPIRITUAL HUMAN STRUCTURE!
WHAT YOU SEE ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE IS OUR VERSION OF THIS FULL GUT VISUAL!!

ON A MID-WESTERN HIGHWAY, FAR FROM WASHINGTON, D.C., THIS WOMAN STOPS HER CAR-- WHEN SHE'S CONFRONTED BY A *PREMONITION* SO TERRIFYING AND OVERWHELMING--

SHE CAN SEE IT!!

THIS IS IT!

A SOMBER, FRIGHTENING TABLEAU OF SYMBOLS, ADDING UP TO ONE CENTRAL MESSAGE-- AIMED LIKE A SPEAR-HEAD AT YOUR **VITALS!!** IT IS NOT WHAT YOU SEE!! IT IS WHAT YOU SUDDENLY

KNOW!!

YOU RECOIL AT THE FEELING-- BECAUSE YOU

KNOW!!

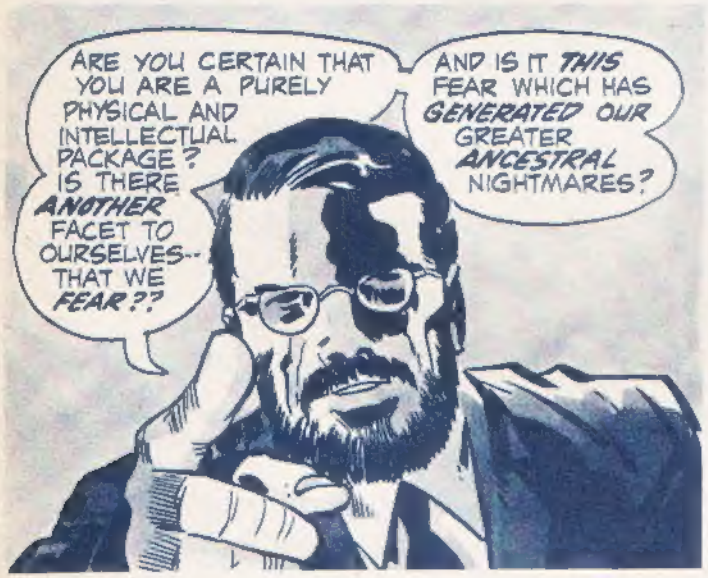
HER DUTY IS CLEAR! THE MEANING IS CLEAR! THE FLAG-DRAPED CASKET--THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL--WHERE LIGHTS BLAZE FOR THE MOUNTING CROWDS AT THE CAPITOL ROTUNDA!

SHE MUST TELL!

THIS WOMAN MUST SUMMON THE COURAGE TO USE THE PHONE AND SAY--

"CANCEL HIS TRIP!!! OR THE PRESIDENT MUST DIE!

PREMONITION
BLACK ART--OR--
MASS ART?
CAN WE COLLECTIVELY FORM A HUMAN NETWORK CAPABLE OF FORECASTING AN EVENT OF MASSIVE CONSEQUENCE?
I'M DOCTOR E. LEOPOLD MAAS! MY AREA OF INTEREST IS THE YOUNG BUT FAST-DEVELOPING FORM OF RATIONAL INQUIRY KNOWN AS PARAPSYCHOLOGY!! ESSENTIALLY, I TRY TO SEPARATE THE DEVIL FROM THE DEEP!!


ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT YOU ARE A PURELY PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL PACKAGE? IS THERE ANOTHER FACET TO OURSELVES--THAT WE FEAR??
AND IS IT THIS FEAR WHICH HAS GENERATED OUR GREATER ANCESTRAL NIGHTMARES?

OF COURSE, YOU MUST RECOGNIZE THESE FEW TRAPPINGS--THESE SCAPEGOATS--THESE "COP-OUTS" WHICH, EVEN TO THIS DAY, STILL REPRESENT OUR NEGLECT TO PLACE THIS FEAR IN PROPER PERSPECTIVE!!

THE LADY OF OUR CHRONICLE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE THE COMFORT OF IGNORANCE! SHE CAN'T PASS ON HER BURDEN TO THE RITUALISTIC "MUMBO-JUMBO" OF THE PAST! BUT SHE SAW! SHE HEARD! SHE KNOWS!!

THIS WOMAN CANNOT DESCRIBE HER SUBJECT--BUT SHE "KNOWS" HE'S ALIVE SOMEWHERE--TESTING A RIFLE TAKEN FROM A PACKAGE HE'S JUST UNWRAPPED! HOW CAN SHE CONCLUDE ALL THIS? IS THIS LADY PRIVY TO THE MYSTIC SECRETS OF ANCIENT EGYPT?

IS SHE THE MISTRESS OF THE DEMON SIGNS WHICH SUMMON THE CREATURES OF THE REGIONS WE'VE GLAMORIZED TO RIDICULOUS EXCESS?

IS THIS LADY AN ACCOMPLISHED MEDIUM WITH AN OPEN DOOR TO THE BEYOND? DOES SHE OWN THE NECESSARY INVENTORY TO UNLOCK THE DARKNESS AND RETURN WITH ITS ANSWERS??

OF COURSE NOT!! SHE'D NO MORE BE INVOLVED IN THIS ATMOSPHERE THAN "MOTHER HUBBARD"! SHE HAS A HUSBAND AND A FAMILY TO CARE FOR! HER NAME IS LUCILLE M. AND SHE LIVES IN AN ILLINOIS SUBURBAN COMMUNITY. BUT SHE'S HAD AN UNMISTAKEABLE ENCOUNTER WITH "CLASSIC" PREMONITION!

SHE WANTS IT TO VANISH-- TO ALLOW HER TO GO ABOUT HER BUSINESS! INSTEAD, IT GROWS *STRONGER!* THE DAMNABLE CLICK OF THE RIFLE BOLT IS CRUELLY *SPEAKING* TO HER WITH MOCKING *CLARITY!*

CLICK-CLICK

CLICK-CLICK

LUCILLE HAS *READ* THE NEWSPAPERS! SHE KNOWS ABOUT THE PRESIDENT'S *IMPENDING* TRIP! AND SHE KNOWS THAT HE'S IN *DANGER!* DOES SHE, AN AVERAGE CITIZEN, *DARE* TO CALL THE *WHITE HOUSE?* SHE IS AMAZED TO FIND HERSELF ACTUALLY AT THE PHONE!

LONG DISTANCE OPERATOR? OH, YES--I-I--

SUDDENLY, SHE RECIEVES *ANOTHER, GREATER EMOTIONAL JOLT!* A MOMENTARY FLASH! AN INSIGHT BROUGHT TO *VIVID* SHARPNESS-- A TERRIBLE THING BROUGHT TO A WOMAN WHO HAS NEVER HALLUCINATED!!

OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD!

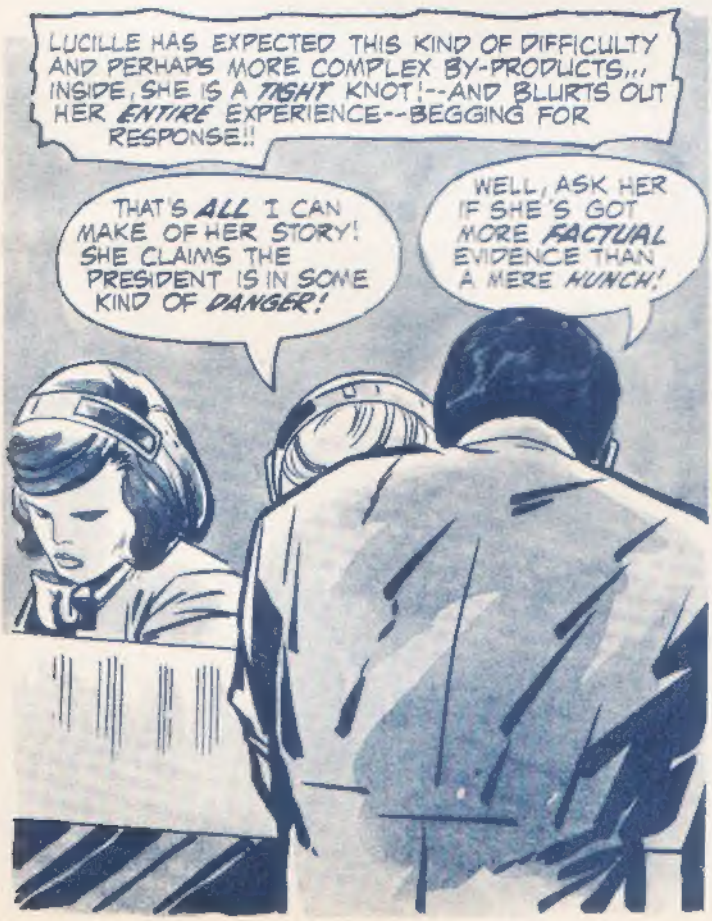
OPERATOR! I *MUST* GET THE NUMBER OF THE WHITE HOUSE!

THEN IT'S *GONE!* BUT THE IMPRESSION IT'S LEFT HAS BROUGHT LUCILLE TO NEAR *HYSTERIA!!* THERE IS *NO* HESITATION IN HER NOW!! NOW, SHE IS *DRIVEN* TO MAKE THE CALL!

THIS IS *URGENT*, OPERATOR! CAN'T YOU PUT ME THROUGH DIRECTLY! YES!! *PLEASE! PLEASE!*

IN WASHINGTON, ACTIVITY IS AT A TENSE HIGH! WHEN LUCILLE'S CALL IS PUT THROUGH, THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF IS PREPARING FOR THE PRESIDENT'S DEPARTURE!!
YES, MA'AM! I REALIZE YOUR CALL IS URGENT! BUT I MUST KNOW ITS NATURE IF I'M TO CONTACT THE PRESIDENT!

MA'AM, IS THIS AN OFFICIAL CALL? THAT'S ALL I'M ASKING!
NO, I DIDN'T IMPLY THAT YOU'RE A "CRANK" CALLER, MA'AM! PLEASE CALM DOWN AND--


LUCILLE HAS EXPECTED THIS KIND OF DIFFICULTY AND PERHAPS MORE COMPLEX BY-PRODUCTS... INSIDE, SHE IS A TIGHT KNOT!--AND BLURTS OUT HER ENTIRE EXPERIENCE--BEGGING FOR RESPONSE!!
THAT'S ALL I CAN MAKE OF HER STORY! SHE CLAIMS THE PRESIDENT IS IN SOME KIND OF DANGER!
WELL, ASK HER IF SHE'S GOT MORE FACTUAL EVIDENCE THAN A MERE HUNCH!

FACTS! FACTS! SHE COULD HEAR THE SINISTER FACT! AT EVERY CLICK, LUCILLE COULD JUST ABOUT LOOK SQUARELY INTO THE DARK TUNNEL OF THE RIFLE'S BORE!!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT ANY BETTER! BUT YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

OH, PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE, CONNECT ME WITH THE PRESIDENT!! DO YOU ACTUALLY THINK I'D MAKE THIS KIND OF CALL FOR ANY OTHER REASON?
LET ME SPEAK TO HIM!!
HE'S GOING TO CERTAIN DEATH! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
BUT THE FATEFUL EVENTS OF THAT DAY ARE ALREADY IN MOTION! THE CAR WAITING TO TAKE THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY TO THE AIRPORT RECEIVES ITS FINAL SECURITY CHECK!!
INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE, THE HIGH POINT IS AT HAND!!
HERE COMES THE PRESIDENT AND THE FIRST LADY!
ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! PLEASE, STEP BACK! THAT'S RIGHT! THE PRESIDENT'S GOT A BUSY SCHEDULE TO KEEP!

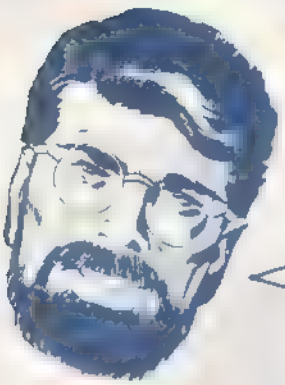
THEN IT ALL *RUSHES* IN UPON LUCILLE! AS HER COUNTRY'S TWO MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE STEP INTO HISTORY, SHE ENDURES THE EXPLODING SHOCK OF WATCHING THEIR DESTINY UNFOLD!

HER FEELING *HEIGHTENS* TO THE POINT OF SHEER *TERROR!* SHE *SEES* AND *KNOWS!* SHE HEARS HERSELF SCREAMING INTO THE PHONE! SO *POWERFUL* IS THE FEELING NOW, THAT HER *ENTIRE* BEING HURLS ITSELF AGAINST THE FRUSTRATION!!

AND LIKE SOME UNNAMED *PSYCHIC* ANIMAL WHICH HAS BEEN LURKING JUST BEYOND SIGHT--THE REST OF WHAT IS TO HAPPEN CHARGES INTO VIEW! THE *CROWDS*--THE *MOTORCADE*--THE STREETS THAT LIE AHEAD!

LUCILLE IS NOW BEING LED TO THE VERY ROOT OF HER FEAR- AT BREAKNECK SPEED. IT'S THE BRICK BUILDING!! AND ITS ROWS OF WINDOWS!!
THERE IS THAT ONE WINDOW! DARK AND OMINOUS--GROWING LARGER AND LARGER--LIKE A TARGET CAUGHT IN A SNIPER-SCOPE!!
YES! IT'S THERE!--IN THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE WINDOW!!--SMOOTH, PRACTICED MOTION--AND THE SOUND-- THE SOUND!!!--
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
SORRY, MA'AM... IT'S TOO LATE... THE PRESIDENT HAS LEFT ON HIS TRIP!!
CLICK
CLICK
LIKE LUCILLE, ALL OF US WHO SUFFERED AND GRIEVED AFTER WHAT FOLLOWED SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT TERRIBLE EVENT.
BUT MY POINT IS-- HOW MANY OF US WERE INVOLVED IN THAT PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE!!?? WAS LUCILLE'S CALL--THE ONLY ONE MADE THAT DAY??
WAS THERE A PSYCHIC NETWORK OPERATING? WAS IT SPARKED IN SOME STILL UNDISCOVERED WAY--LEAPING FROM CIRCUIT TO CIRCUIT FROM INDIVIDUAL TO INDIVIDUAL??
DID YOU MAKE A PHONE CALL THAT DAY???
10

GHOSTS ARE NOT SUPERNATURAL!! BUT LIKE LIGHTNING--THEY CAN KILL!!



IF A PERSON CAN SURMOUNT THE TERRORS EVOKED BY DEATH AND THE GRAVE AND FACE DOWN THE UNKNOWN--A PHENOMENON WILL EMERGE THAT COULD MAKE THE TERM "GHOST" AN EVEN MORE SPINE-CHILLING FORCE FOR FEAR!!

THESE ARE THE VIOLENT EVENTS THAT WAITED FOR ANY UNFORTUNATE WHO STUMBLED INTO THE

HOUSE OF HORROR

IT WAS NOT A PLACE FOR ANYONE WITH A SUPERSTITION--OR A BAD HEART!!

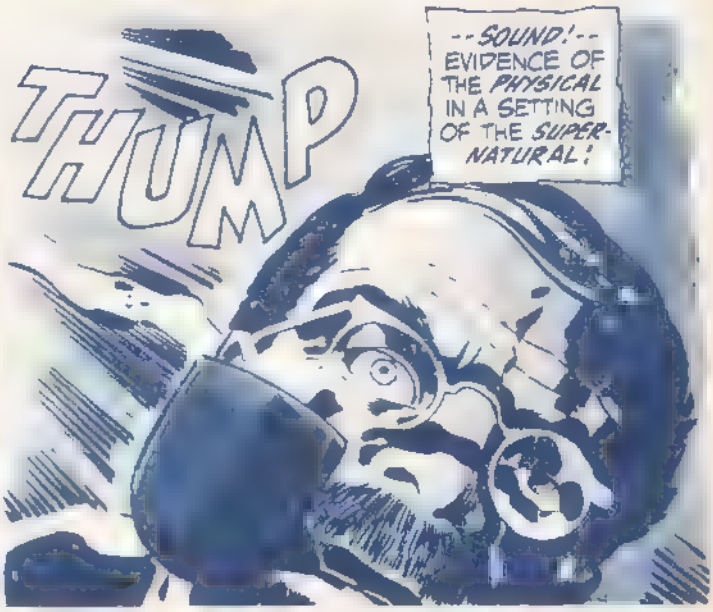
THE GALDER HOUSE
HAD ALL THE CLASSIC COMPLEXITIES THAT QUALIFIED IT FOR "GHOST-HUNTING"! IT STOOD ON NEW JERSEY LAND RECLAIMED BY WILD, SCRUBBY VEGETATION! ONLY TWO PEOPLE STILL SHOWED ANY CONCERN IN ITS MAINTENANCE...A REALTOR-FRIEND, WHO OWNED THE ACREAGE, AND HIS CARETAKER, SAM GAVIN, WHO TOOK ME TO IT! I WAS TO SPEND THE NIGHT THERE--TO "INVESTIGATE" IT! THE OLD HOUSE WAS NOT KNOWN FOR FUN--AND VERY LITTLE PROFIT!

THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THAT HOUSE. IT WAS VISIBLE THE MOMENT MISTER GAVIN OPENED THE DOOR, BUT I COULDN'T DEFINE WHAT I WAS SEEING..!
THERE, MISTER MAAS! THERE THEY ARE!
BLAST! THEY'RE GONE! -- ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN I PUT THE LIGHT ON 'EM.
IF THERE IS ANYTHING THAT MUST BE UNDERSTOOD HERE IT MAY REQUIRE ANOTHER KIND OF LIGHT!
GAVIN WASN'T INTERESTED IN MY PURPOSE THERE: HE WAS UNEASY AND ANXIOUS TO LEAVE THE HOUSE, DESPITE HIS FAMILIARITY WITH IT. I SUSPECTED THAT HE DIDN'T FAVOR THE PLACE WITH FREQUENT INSPECTIONS.
THE KITCHEN'S OVER HERE, SIR! I KEEP SOME FOOD AND A COT THERE--
I KNOW. YOU STAY TO MAKE OCCASIONAL REPAIRS TO KEEP THE HOUSE SALEABLE!
3

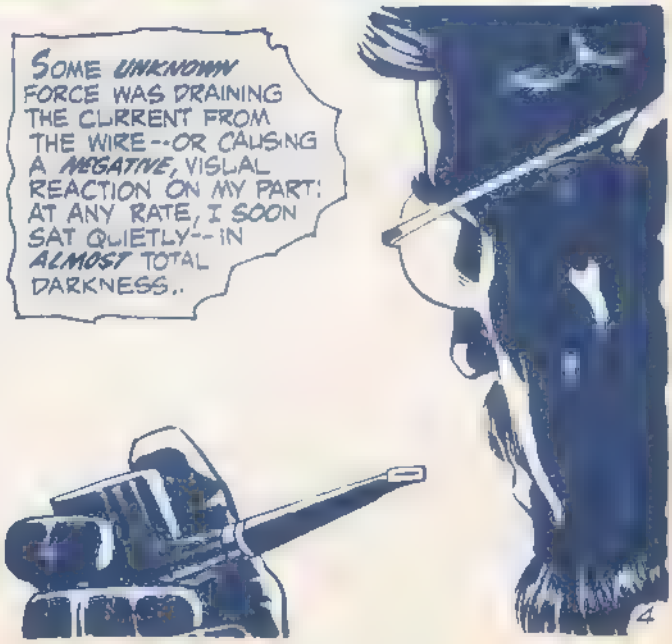
YEAH--BUT IT'S A LOSING BATTLE! ONLY THE SPOOKS ARE KEEPIN' THIS PLACE IN ONE PIECE!
YOU MAY HAVE A *VALID* THEORY THERE, MISTER GAVIN:
CAN YOU ADD ANYTHING TO THE *MEAGER* FACTS I HAVE CONCERNING--

IT'S LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TOLD, MISTER MAAS, IF PRESIDENT LINCOLN *HADN'T* GONE TO FORD'S THEATRE-- HE'D HAVE BEEN ASSASSINATED *HERE!*
YES--*CHARMING!* A CHARMING BIT OF HUMOR. WELL, I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING THEN, MISTER GAVIN! *GOOD NIGHT!*

GAVIN HAD BEEN GONE ABOUT AN HOUR WHEN THINGS BEGAN TO *STIR*... I SAT IN THE STILLNESS-- ENJOYING MY PIPE--AND WAITING FOR THE *UNEXPECTED--!*


THUMP
--*SOUND!*-- EVIDENCE OF THE *PHYSICAL* IN A SETTING OF THE *SUPER-NATURAL!*

LIGHT!--ALSO IN THE REALM OF THE PHYS CAL THE LAMP WAS GROWING *DIMMER* DESPITE THE FACT THAT ITS CORD WAS *STILL* IN THE ELECTRIC SOCKET!


SOME *UNKNOWN* FORCE WAS DRAINING THE CURRENT FROM THE WIRE--OR CAUSING A *NEGATIVE*, VISUAL REACTION ON MY PART: AT ANY RATE, I SOON SAT QUIETLY-- IN *ALMOST* TOTAL DARKNESS..

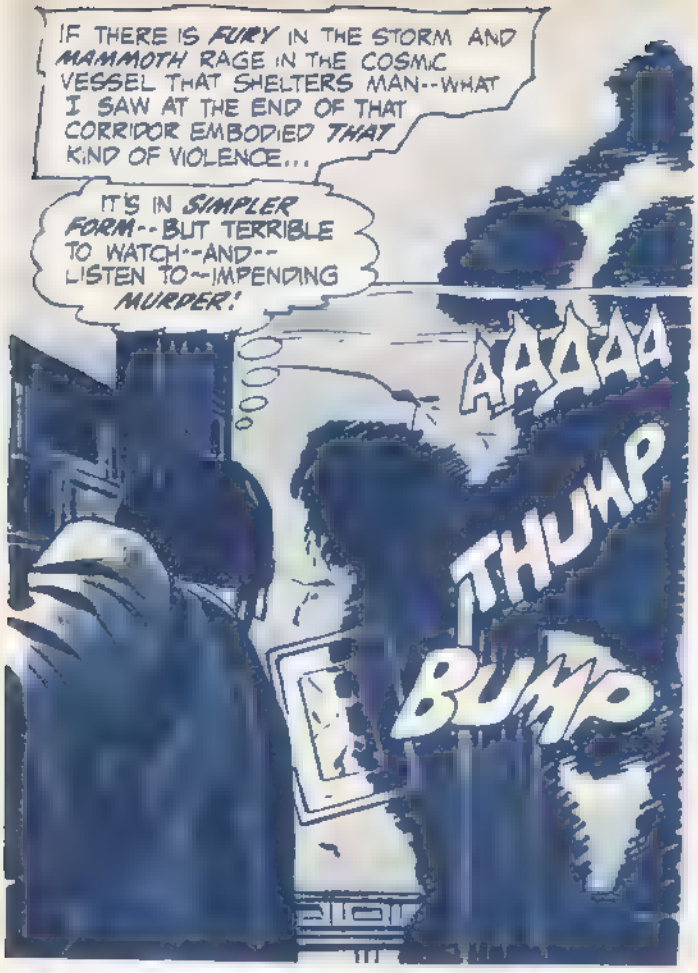
I MUST ADMIT THAT WHEN "IT" ENTERED, I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE EERIE CLARITY--AND, YES--SOLIDITY OF THAT DISTORTED--GROTESQUE "PRESENCE"!
GOOD GRIEF! I'M TREMBLING!--MUST MAINTAIN CONTROL--

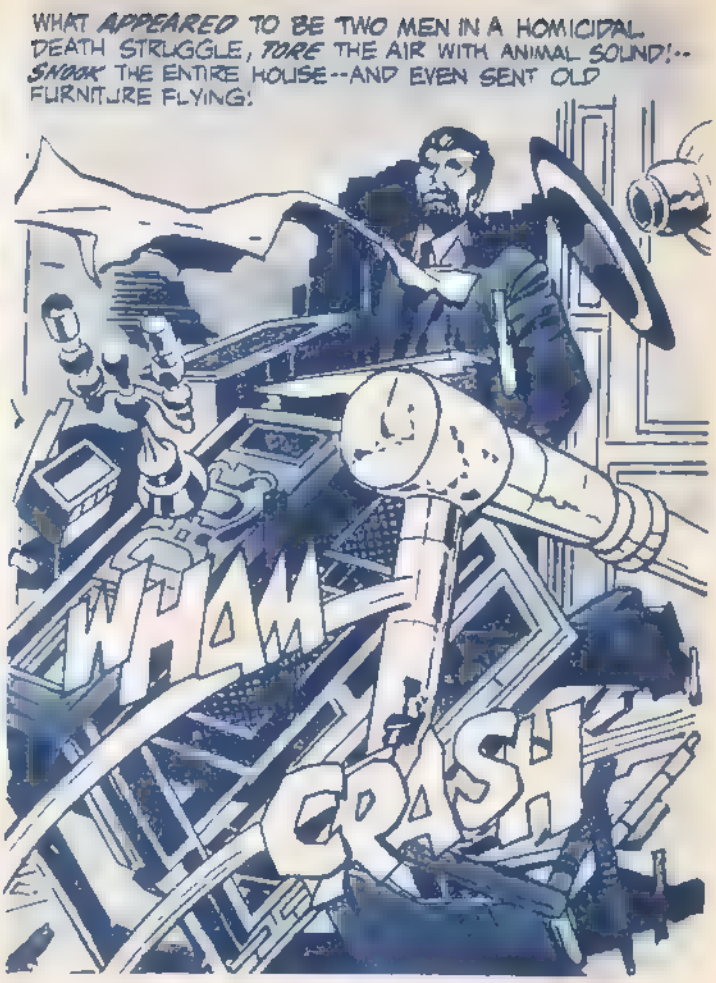
I FOUGHT TO KEEP AN OUTWARD CALM!--AND DREADED TO THINK HOW A NON-PROFESSIONAL, IN MY PLACE WOULD HAVE FARED: I COULD ACTUALLY FEEL IT'S TOUCH!

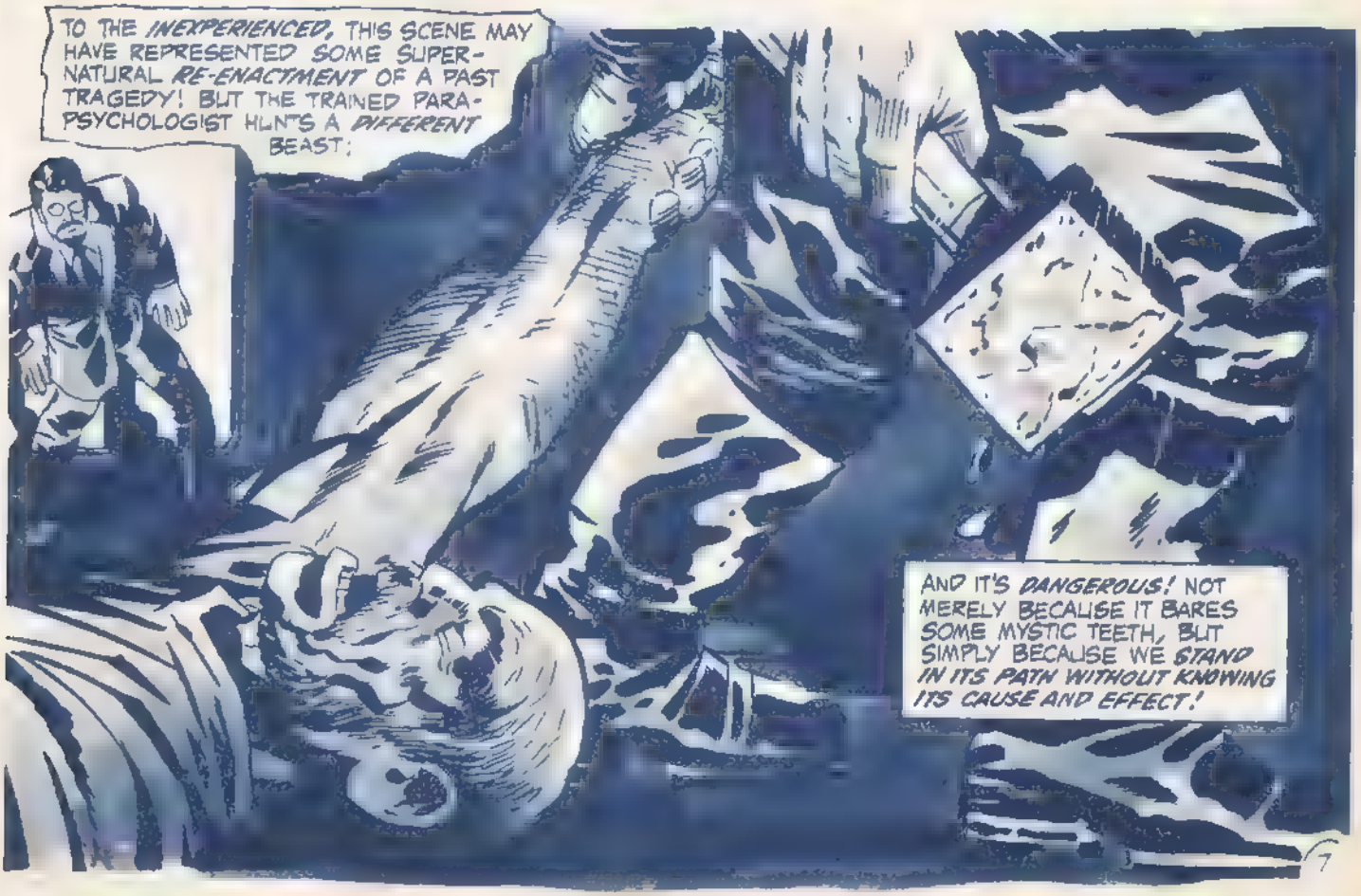
IT WAS AS POTENT AND STRONG A MANIFESTATION AS I'D EVER EXPERIENCED! IT ARCHED AND GESTURED AND PROJECTED UNIMAGINABLE HOSTILITY! THE AIR SEEMED TO RESOUND WITH MUTED RAGGED ECHOES.

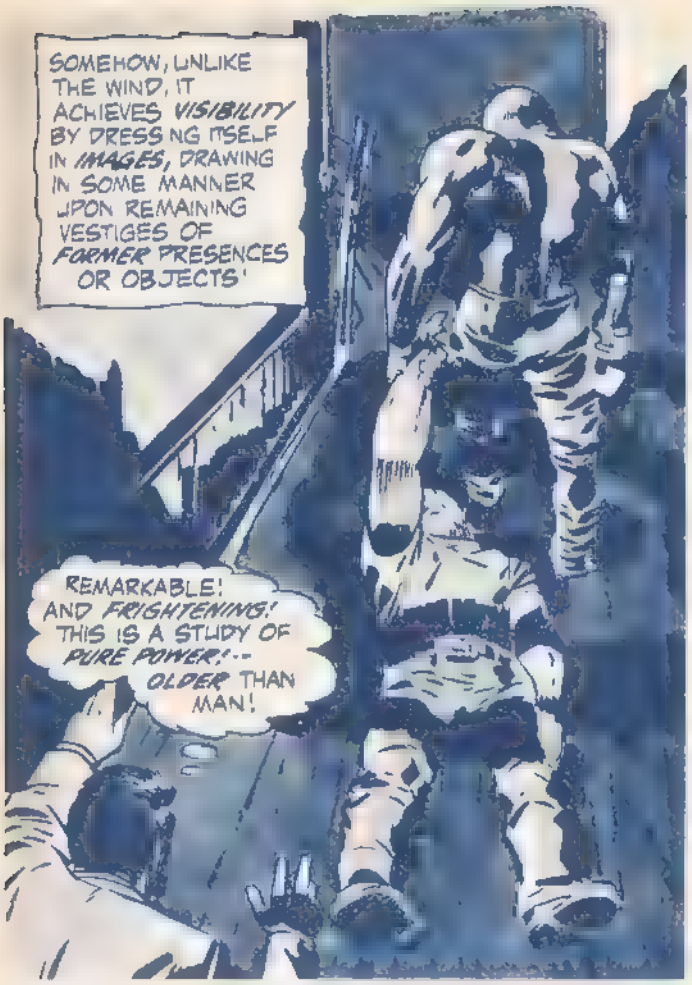
IT'S SAD TO NOTE THAT MY FACADE OF INDIFFERENCE WAS RAPIDLY DISSOLVING--WHEN THE THING SUDDENLY DARTED FROM THE ROOM!
WELL, WHATEVER IS IN THIS HOUSE HAS MADE ITSELF KNOWN--!
NOW, TO GET ON WITH THE JOB OF TRACKING IT DOWN!--TO UNMASK "IT"!
5

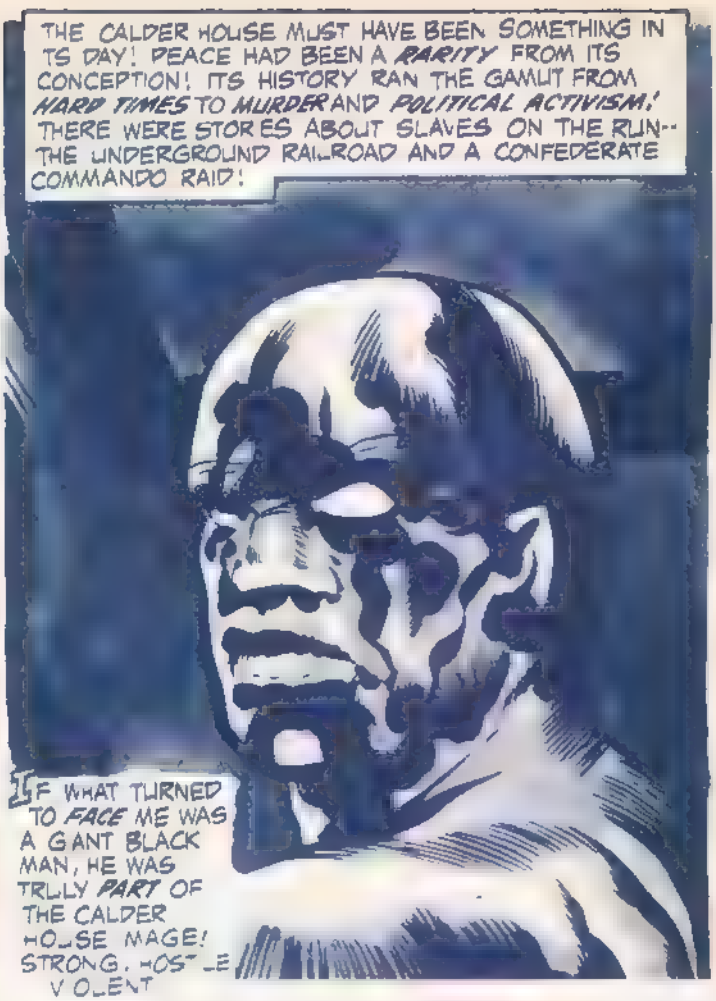
I RESPONDED. I WAS SWIFT! AND FULLY AWARE THAT THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF EFFECTIVELY TRAILING MY FLEEING QUARRY! BUT, CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF IT BEFORE IT VANISHED-- GAVE ME DIRECTION!!
SO, IT'S UP THERE!--AND IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT--IT'S EXTREMELY ACTIVE.
OF COURSE, WHEN I REACHED THE UPPER LANDING THERE WAS NOTHING IN SIGHT! HOWEVER, THIS DIDN'T INDICATE A PATTERN.... THE UNKNOWN PLAYS A CHAOTIC GAME!!
LUCKILY, THERE'S A MOON TONIGHT! THERE'S ENOUGH LIGHT IN THESE CORRIDORS TO MAKE MY WAY WITHOUT STUMBLING!
SUDDENLY, I STRUCK IT! A COLD SPOT!--THE ONE CONSISTENT FACTOR PECULAR TO THE SO-CALLED HAUNTED HOUSE!
IN THIS ONE SMALL, LOCALIZED AREA AN ICY FRIGIDITY REPELLED ALL HEAT--AND FORMED A STRANGE, INVISIBLE COLUMN OF COLD AIR!
THIS COULD BE PART OF A PROCESS! A SORT OF BUILD-UP OF-- FORCE.
I WAS MAKING "ON THE SPOT" ASSUMPTIONS! BUT AT LEAST I WAS VIEWING THIS MYSTERY WITH A SOBER, DISPASSIONATE EYE! OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, LIGHTNING FLASHED! BUT INSIDE IT HAD WEIRD ECHOES.
SOUNDS! VOICES!-- AT THE END OF THIS CORRIDOR!


IF THERE IS *FURY* IN THE STORM AND *MAMMOTH* RAGE IN THE COSMIC VESSEL THAT SHELTERS MAN--WHAT I SAW AT THE END OF THAT CORRIDOR EMBODIED *THAT* KIND OF VIOLENCE...
IT'S IN *SIMPLER FORM*--BUT TERRIBLE TO WATCH--AND--LISTEN TO--IMPENDING *MURDER!*
AAAAA
THUMP
BUMP

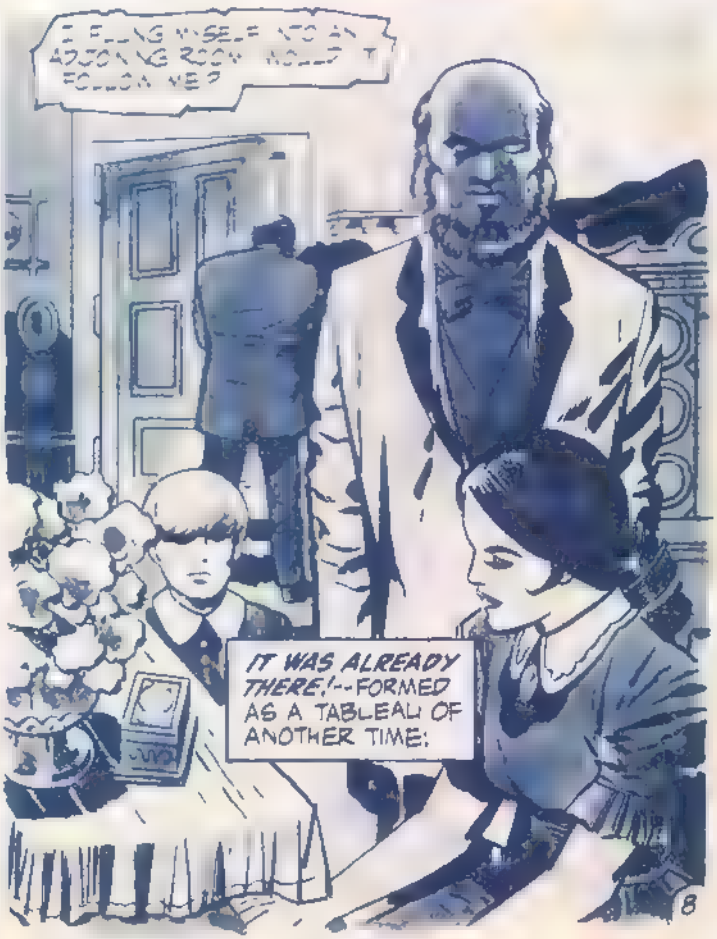

WHAT *APPEARED* TO BE TWO MEN IN A HOMICIDAL DEATH STRUGGLE, *TORE* THE AIR WITH ANIMAL SOUND!--*SHOOK* THE ENTIRE HOUSE--AND EVEN SENT OLD FURNITURE FLYING!
WHAM
CRASH


TO THE *INEXPERIENCED*, THIS SCENE MAY HAVE REPRESENTED SOME SUPER-NATURAL *RE-ENACTMENT* OF A PAST TRAGEDY! BUT THE TRAINED PARA-PSYCHOLOGIST KNOWS A *DIFFERENT* BEAST:
AND IT'S *DANGEROUS!* NOT MERELY BECAUSE IT BARES SOME MYSTIC TEETH, BUT SIMPLY BECAUSE WE *STAND IN ITS PATH WITHOUT KNOWING ITS CAUSE AND EFFECT!*

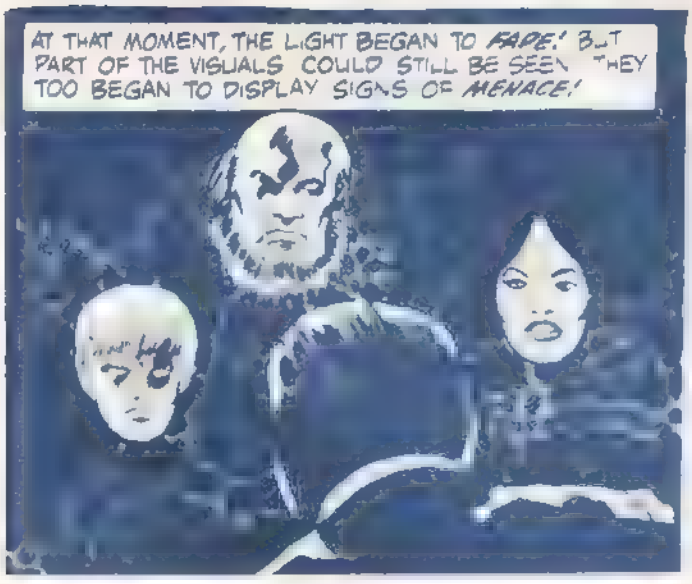

SOMEHOW, UNLIKE THE WIND, IT ACHIEVES VISIBILITY BY DRESSING ITSELF IN IMAGES, DRAWING IN SOME MANNER UPON REMAINING VESTIGES OF FORMER PRESENCES OR OBJECTS!
REMARKABLE! AND FRIGHTENING! THIS IS A STUDY OF PURE POWER!-- OLDER THAN MAN!

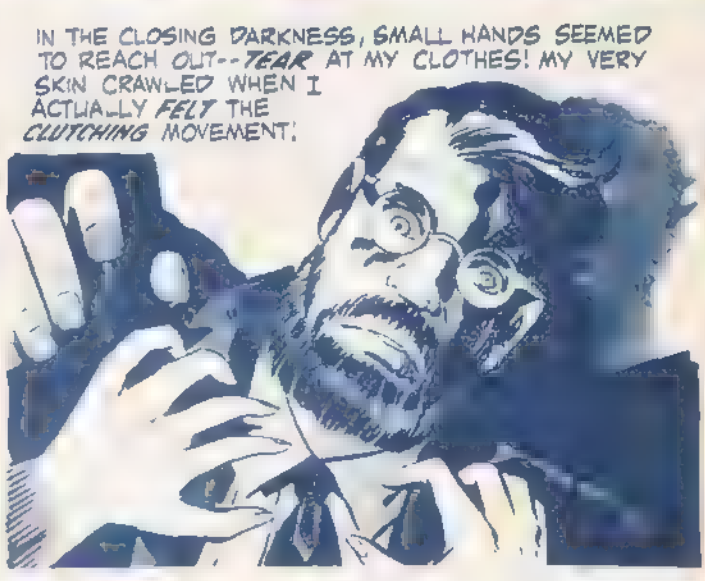

THE CALDER HOUSE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING IN ITS DAY! PEACE HAD BEEN A RARITY FROM ITS CONCEPTION! ITS HISTORY RAN THE GAMUT FROM HARD TIMES TO MURDER AND POLITICAL ACTIVISM! THERE WERE STORIES ABOUT SLAVES ON THE RUN-- THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD AND A CONFEDERATE COMMANDO RAID!
IF WHAT TURNED TO FACE ME WAS A GIANT BLACK MAN, HE WAS TRULY PART OF THE CALDER HOUSE MAGIC! STRONG. HOSTILE VIOLENT

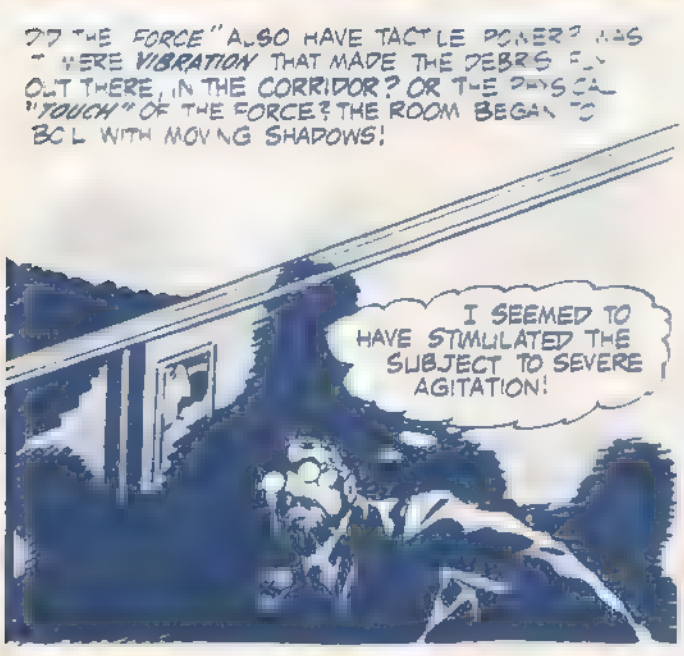
SUDDENLY, I FOUND MYSELF THE FOCAL POINT FOR THAT GATHERING HOSTILITY. IT TURNED UPON ME-- MOVED TOWARD ME! THE CHIPS WERE DOWN-- I WAS MY OWN GUINEA PIG! I DID WHAT A GUINEA PIG WOULD DO--I SOUGHT TO AVOID THIS THING
EASY--EASY... I'VE GOT TO INCH TOWARD THE DOOR BEHIND ME--


FEELING MYSELF INTO AN ADJOINING ROOM WOULD IT FOLLOW ME?
IT WAS ALREADY THERE!--FORMED AS A TABLEAU OF ANOTHER TIME:

MY SUBJECT COULD EITHER *FRAGMENT* ITSELF--OR ELSE BE PART OF A *GROUP* PHENOMENON!
--OR IT COULD ACTUALLY HAVE THE *VIABILITY* OF THE WIND!--IT COULD PENETRATE EVERY CRACK AND CORNER AND FILL THE HOUSE *SIMULTANEOUSLY* WITH LIGHT EFFECTS AND VISUAL PROJECTION!


AT THAT MOMENT, THE LIGHT BEGAN TO *FADE!* BUT PART OF THE VISUALS COULD STILL BE SEEN--THEY TOO BEGAN TO DISPLAY SIGNS OF *MENACE!*

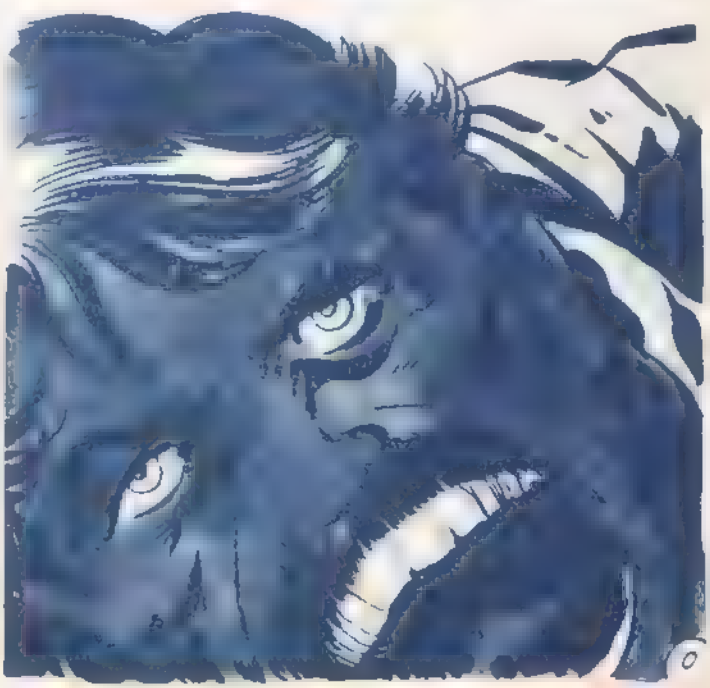

IN THE CLOSING DARKNESS, SMALL HANDS SEEMED TO REACH OUT--*TEAR* AT MY CLOTHES! MY VERY SKIN CRAWLED WHEN I ACTUALLY *FELT* THE *CLUTCHING* MOVEMENT.


DID THE *FORCE* ALSO HAVE TACTILE POWER? WAS IT WERE *VIBRATION* THAT MADE THE DEBRIS FLY OUT THERE, IN THE CORRIDOR? OR THE PHYSICAL "*TOUCH*" OF THE FORCE? THE ROOM BEGAN TO BOIL WITH MOVING SHADOWS!
I SEEMED TO HAVE *STIMULATED* THE SUBJECT TO SEVERE AGITATION!

THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLEW OPEN! BEFORE IT STRUCK ME TO MY KNEES, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE *BLACK MAN!*

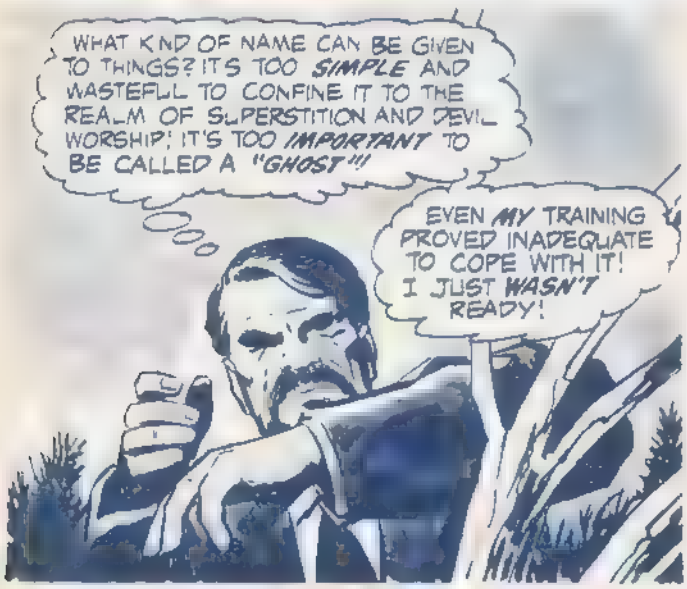
THEN "THEY", OR "IT", SWARMED IN UPON ME! A WEAVING, INFURIATED SERPENT OF DARK FORMS! I COULD SEE IT! HEAR IT. YES--AND FEEL IT!
WHAT AIR THERE WAS IN THE ROOM BECAME DENSE AND OPPRESSIVE! SWEPT UP BY WHAT WAS HAPPENING, I FOUND IT ALMOST DIFFICULT TO BREATHE! TENSION BORDERED ON PANIC!

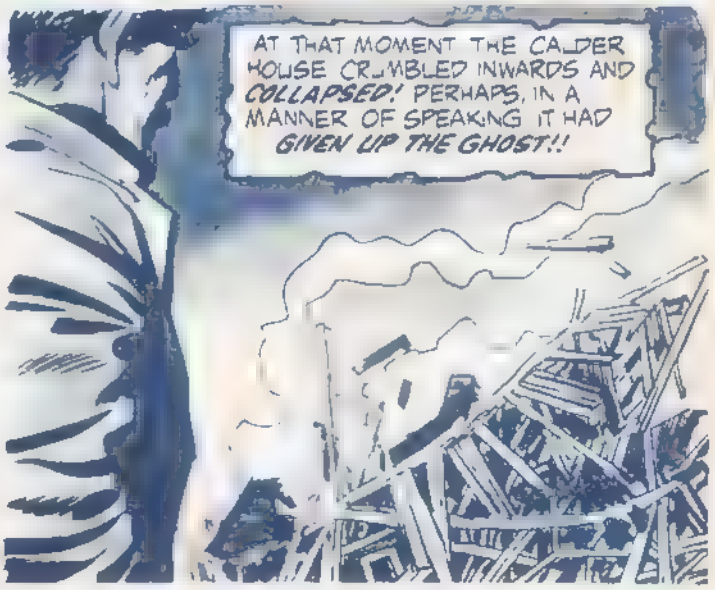
CALDER HOUSE WAS FILLING WITH AN EVER-GROWING, OVERWHELMING, PSYCHIC TORNADO!--WHOSE FULL PROPORTIONS I COULDN'T POSSIBLY FATHOM! MY SHELL OF CAUTION BROKE! I SUSPECTED THAT IT MIGHT KILL ME!--AND I REACTED WITH EQUAL, SAVAGE INSTINCT! I SNARLED AT IT! I ROARED AT IT!

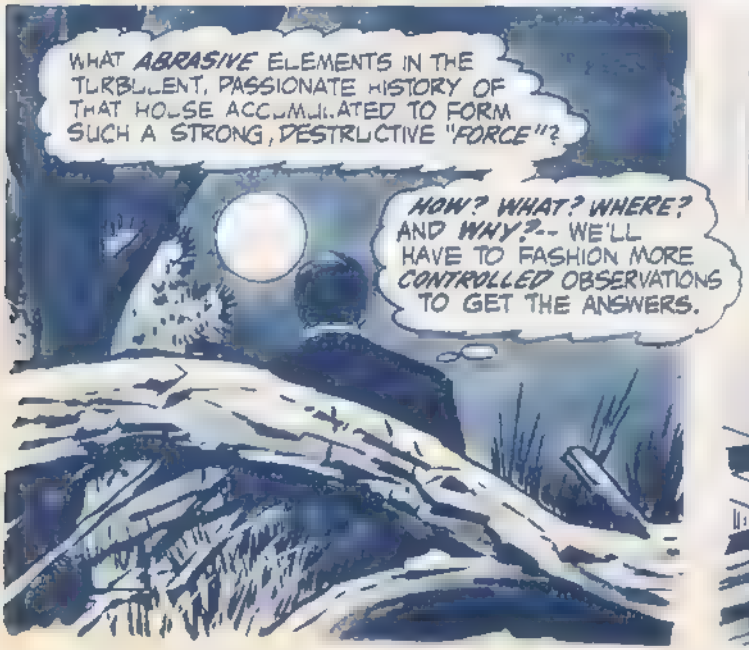


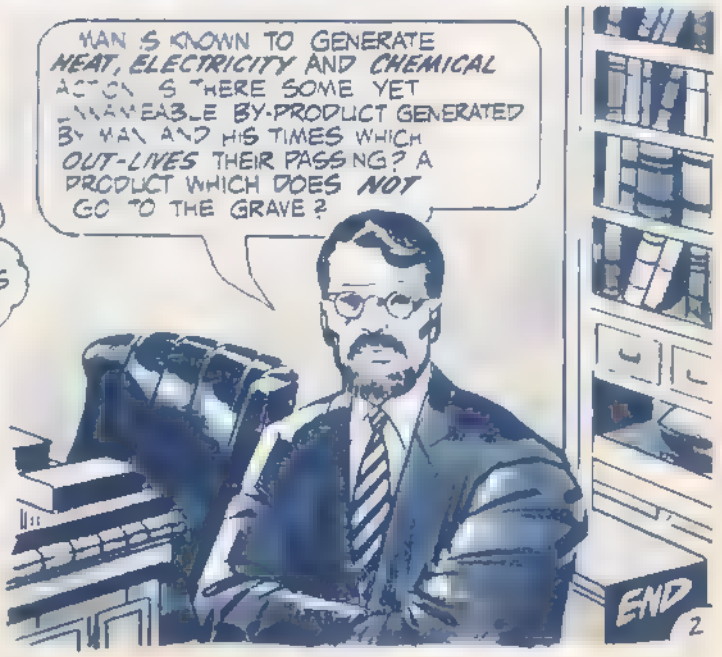
I RAGED LIKE A WILD BEAST AND THREW WHATEVER OLD FURNITURE I COULD FIND IN THE ROOM. SOMEHOW I SEEMED TO HAVE BECOME PART OF IT,-- CAUGHT AND INTEGRATED IN ITS FRENZIED RYTHYM!
BAM
CRASH
MY REACTION WAS LIKE AN EXPLODING STIMULANT DRIVING IT TO NEW HEIGHTS OF FURY I FACED A THOUSAND SEETHING VISUAL MANIFESTATIONS-- VANISHING AND RE-APPEARING IN A THOUSAND VARYING TERRIFYING DEMONIC FORMS!
I ADVANCED ON IT WITH A DESPERATE, UNEXPECTED BOLDNESS. IT PAUSED!-- GAVE WAY!
THEN I RAN! I DON'T KNOW WHY IT WAS A GUT REACTION THE OLDER HOUSE WAS UNDERGOING A SORT OF COMBUSTIVE "SHAKE-UP" IN ORDER TO WITHSTAND THAT WHICH THE TAPS OF THE UNKNOWN HAD UNLEASHED
THE HOUSE SEEMS TO BE PULSATING LIKE A BELLOWS! THE VERY WALLS ARE CRACKING!
OUTSIDE, WERE THE COLD, MARSHY WOODS! I BOLTED OUT THE FRONT DOOR, BREATHING HEAVILY--GULPING FOR AIR --LIKE THE HOUSE! IT WAS DOING THE SAME THING, IN ITS OWN WAY.
BROOOFF
BROOOFF
BROOOFF

WHEN I FELT I WAS ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE SAFETY FACTOR, I TURNED TO LOOK BACK: THE CALDER HOUSE WAS ROCKING, CHIPPING! IT GAVE ONE THE BIZARRE IMPRESSION OF A LARGE KENNEL WHICH WAS BEING ASSAULTED FROM WITHIN--BY A LARGE, IMPRISONED ANIMAL!
THE PRESSURES INSIDE MUST BE UNBEARABLE! THE HOUSE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BE GROANING!
MMUURAWWW


WHAT KIND OF NAME CAN BE GIVEN TO THINGS? IT'S TOO SIMPLE AND WASTEFUL TO CONFINE IT TO THE REALM OF SUPERSTITION AND DEVIL WORSHIP! IT'S TOO IMPORTANT TO BE CALLED A "GHOST"!
EVEN MY TRAINING PROVED INADEQUATE TO COPE WITH IT! I JUST WASN'T READY!

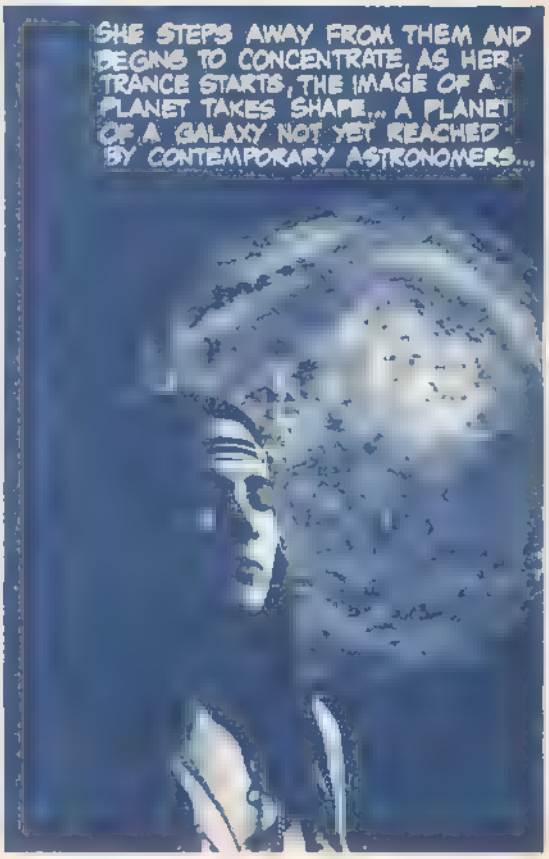

AT THAT MOMENT THE CALDER HOUSE CRUMBLED INWARDS AND COLLAPSED! PERHAPS, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING IT HAD GIVEN UP THE GHOST!!


WHAT ABRASIVE ELEMENTS IN THE TURBULENT, PASSIONATE HISTORY OF THAT HOUSE ACCUMULATED TO FORM SUCH A STRONG, DESTRUCTIVE "FORCE"?
HOW? WHAT? WHERE? AND WHY?-- WE'LL HAVE TO FASHION MORE CONTROLLED OBSERVATIONS TO GET THE ANSWERS.


MAN IS KNOWN TO GENERATE HEAT, ELECTRICITY AND CHEMICAL ACTION IS THERE SOME YET UNMEASURABLE BY-PRODUCT GENERATED BY MAN AND HIS TIMES WHICH OUT-LIVES THEIR PASSING? A PRODUCT WHICH DOES NOT GO TO THE GRAVE?
END

CHILDREN OF THE FLAMING
THE EERIE, HIGH-PITCHED SOUND OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC FILLS THE DARKENED ROOM AND STRANGE LIGHTS PLAY ACROSS THE WALLS PAINTED WITH SYMBOLS OF THE MOTHER PLANET...

THE ASTRO-SEEKERS STAND WITH THE CELESTIAL PSYCHIC AS SHE GATHERS THE ENERGY OF THEIR THOUGHT WAVES— ENERGY NECESSARY TO BRIDGE THE VASTNESS OF SPACE...


SHE STEPS AWAY FROM THEM AND BEGINS TO CONCENTRATE, AS HER TRANCE STARTS, THE IMAGE OF A PLANET TAKES SHAPE... A PLANET OF A GALAXY NOT YET REACHED BY CONTEMPORARY ASTRONOMERS...

AS SHE GOES DEEPER, THE PLANET BEGINS TO BLUR AND SHE REACHES OUT TO HOLD IT...

THE BARRIER IS BROKEN. FOR MOMENTS SHE IS DRIFTING... CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. SHE ACTS AS A CONDUCTOR. MENTAL FORCE FLOWS ACROSS THE VOID, AS HER MIND MOVES TOWARDS...

CONTACT!

FOR AGONIZING MOMENTS, A MENTAL IMAGE OF THE PLANET'S SURFACE BECOMES VIVID AND SHE SENSES AN INTELLIGENCE REACHING OUT TO HER...
...AND SHE IN TURN REACHES OUT TO HER COMPANIONS, TO IMPART TO THEM THE IMAGES SHE IS RECEIVING...
THE IMAGES FADE AND RUN TOGETHER AS SHE DRAWS BACK... THE MIND-LINK IS COMPLETE AND THE VISIONS OF THE ROOM BECOME APPARENT TO HER ONCE AGAIN...

AN INCREDIBLE, **MYSTIFYING** CASE OF **REINCARNATION!!!**

RESEARCH, STILL IN PROGRESS, MAY BEAR OUT THE LIVING EVIDENCE THAT *MIRANDA VELAQUEZA* CONQUERED THE GRAVE AND RETURNED IN THE BODY OF *MARY BETH HADLEY*--
THE SCREAMING WOMAN!
YOU WILL COME *BACK* NOW, MARY BETH! COME BACK TO *THIS* CENTURY!
X-169
1

THIS IS WHAT MAY BECOME THE REALITY RECORDED IN THE LORCA FILE AN ACCOUNT OF TRAGEDY TOLD BY A DEAD WOMAN!
THE SCENE IS A DISMAL COURTYARD, IN WHAT WAS POSSIBLY SPAIN, OF THE YEAR 1510! IN THE PRESENCE OF ONLOOKERS, A YOUNG WOMAN IS BEING DRAGGED TO HER DOOM!
THE GIRL EXHIBITS THE SAD EFFECTS OF A TERRIBLE PERSON ORDEAL, AS AN OFFICIAL IMPASSIVELY INTONES THE NATURE OF HER CRIMES AND HER DETERMINED SENTENCE SHE IS BOUND TO A STAKE.
THE GIRL IS TO BE BURNED AS A WITCH!! SHE WILL DIE IN THE FLAMES!! HER DEATH WILL FADE INTO THE CENTURIES--UNTIL THE YEAR 1968!! IN THAT YEAR--MIRANDA VELAQUEZA WILL
SCREAM

THE PREMISE WAS FANTASTIC AND AS REAL AS THE SUBJECTS INVOLVED! HERE WAS THE LIVING GIRL--

MARY BETH HADLEY-- OF HARDY MID-WESTERN FARMING FOLK. *INTENSIVE* RESEARCH INTO THEIR ANCESTORY PROVED *BARREN* OF ANY LATIN OR MEDITTERANEAN STOCK! THERE IS *NO* POSSIBILITY THAT THE *LIVING* SUBJECT COULD HAVE ANY LINK TO THE *DEAD* WOMAN OR HER MEMORIES!

AND THE *DEAD WOMAN* FROM THE PAST! SHE WAS *REAL* TOO! AS REAL AS THE TOWN OF *LORCA*, IN SPAIN!

MIRANDA VELAQUEZA-- YEARS OF RESEARCH IN THE AREA REVEALED ON THE TAPE HAS UNEARTHED SCANT AND DEBATABLE BUT *PROVOCATIVE* EVIDENCE OF HER EXISTENCE! OF COURSE, THE NAME OF *TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA* IS WELL ESTABLISHED AS *CHIEF INQUISITOR* OF THE SPANISH CROWN OF THE DESIGNATED PERIOD!

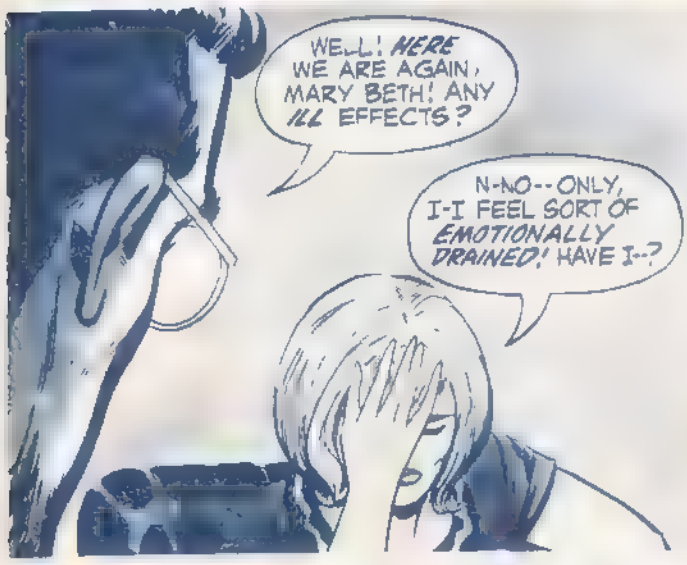
THE SEARCH GOES ON. IN OLD RECORDS, TRANSCRIPTS, INTERVIEWS WITH QUALIFIED AUTHORITIES ON SPANISH HISTORY!

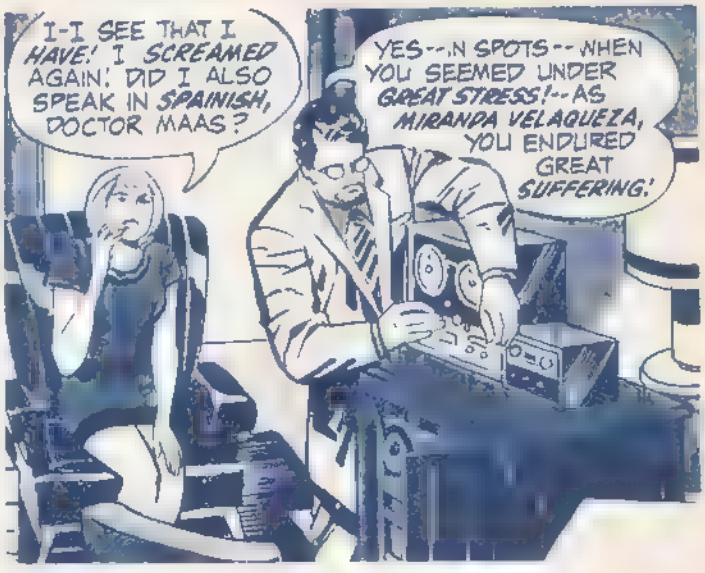
AND, OH YES, THERE IS THIS *BLOW-UP* OF AN OLD ETCHING, DEPICTING A *WITCH-BURNING* OF THAT ERA--

COULD THIS HAVE BEEN MIRANDA VELAQUEZA?

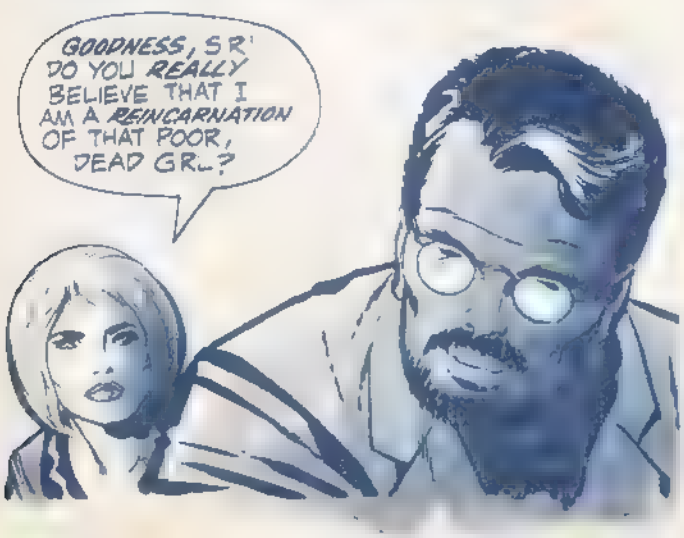
SHE WAS *EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD* AT HER DEATH-- THE SAME AGE THAT *MARY BETH HADLEY* BEGAN HAVING HER BAD DREAMS!

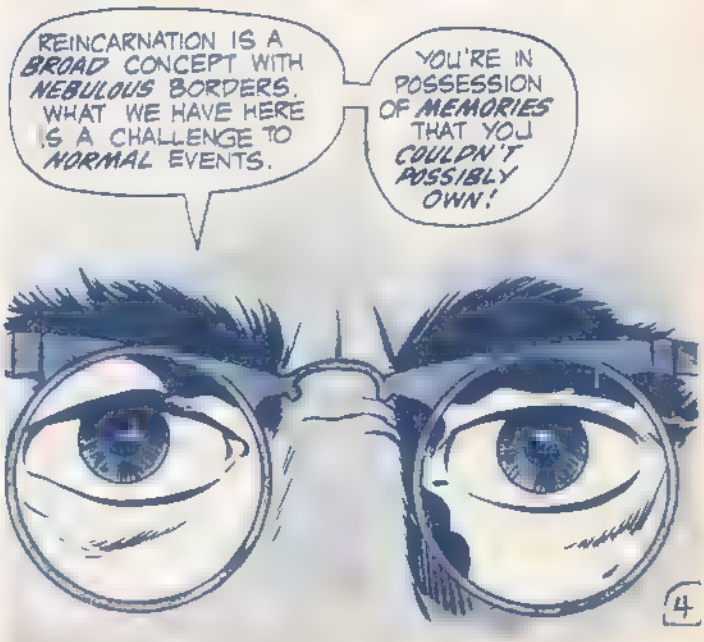
THE FLAMES-- I CAN'T BEAR THEM! MY BODY-- IT'S-
WHEN I COUNT TO THREE YOU WILL AWAKEN-- WHAT YOU'RE EXPERIENCING NOW WILL VANISH!! ONE-- TWO-- THREE--!
SNAP




I-I SEE THAT I HAVE! I SCREAMED AGAIN! DID I ALSO SPEAK IN SPANISH, DOCTOR MAAS?
YES--,N SPOTS-- WHEN YOU SEEMED UNDER GREAT STRESS!-- AS MIRANDA VELAQUEZA, YOU ENDURED GREAT SUFFERING!

THE YEAR IS 1968! AND IN MY OFFICE, MARY BETH HADLEY, A COLLEGE STUDENT, HAS BEEN REGRESSED UNDER HYPNOSIS TO A PERIOD FAR BEFORE HER BIRTH!




REINCARNATION IS A BROAD CONCEPT WITH NEBULOUS BORDERS. WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A CHALLENGE TO NORMAL EVENTS.
YOU'RE IN POSSESSION OF MEMORIES THAT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY OWN!

MARY BETH FIRST CAME TO ME BECAUSE OF DISTURBING DREAMS! NOW SHE WAS PART OF AN EXPERIMENT WHICH HAD BORNE AMAZING FRUIT!!

I'LL *REPLAY* THE ENTIRE TAPE SO YOU MAY *LISTEN* FOR YOURSELF!!

NOW, DUE TO THE *OBVIOUS* LIMITATIONS OF THIS MEDIA, ONLY THE *IMPORTANT* SECTIONS OF DOCTOR MAAS' RECORDING CAN BE DRAMATIZED!: THE *QUESTIONS* ARE BY DOCTOR MAAS' THE *REPLIES* COME FROM MARY BETH HADLEY! THE *IMAGE* IS THAT OF MIRANDA VELAQUEZA!

I AM IN A DENSE WOOD! IT IS *COLD!* I HURRY! I *HURRY!*

QUESTION: WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MIRANDA?

MY LOVER, *MIGUEL!* I'VE GOT TO *FIND* HIM! THERE HAS BEEN *FIGHTING* HERE! I COULD *HEAR* THE CANNONS LAST NIGHT--

THE WOMEN OF THE OTHERS WERE CONTENT TO STAY BEHIND BUT NOT I--NOT I--

QUESTION: IF YOUR MIGUEL IS A SOLDIER, WHY IS HE FIGHTING? WHAT HAS *HAPPENED?*

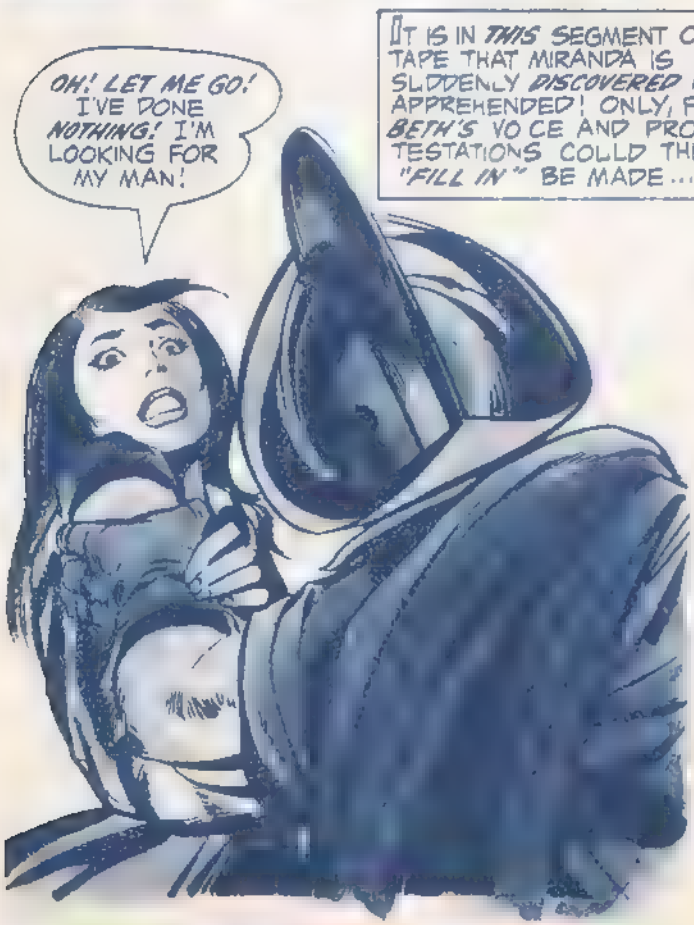
TROUBLE IN THE LAND! IN *LORCA!* IN *CARTEGENA!* *EVERYWHERE!* I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM--

THERE IS AN OPEN FIELD.--THE SHELLS OF BATTLE STILL *LINGER!*-- AND, OH *NO!* ***NO!***

QUESTION: NOW, TRY TO CONTAIN YOURSELF! WHAT DO YOU SEE? IN THE BATTLE?
BE QUIET! BE QUIET! MADRE DE DIOS! THE DEAD ARE EVERYWHERE! THE BLOOD S NOT YET DRY.
MIGUEL!
MIGUEL! HE MAY BE HERE, AMONG THEM-- PERHAPS WOUNDED, DYING--

DOCTOR MAAS: YOU'RE TREMB_NG BETH! ST RRING VIOLENTLY! EASY. EASY!
LET ME BE! DON'T PLAGUE W TH YOUR QUESTIONS! I AM TRYING TO FIND MIGUEL!
MIGUEL! WHERE ARE YOU!?

QUESTION: YOU'VE SUDDENLY GROWN SILENT AND TAUT AS A STRING! IS ANYTHING WRONG?!
MOUNTED MEN! OFFICERS, I TH NK. THEY ARGUE AMONG THEMSELVES! IT'S ABOUT THE BATTLE.
IT HASN'T GONE WE__ FOR THEM--AND THEY FEAR OFFICIAL REPRISAL!

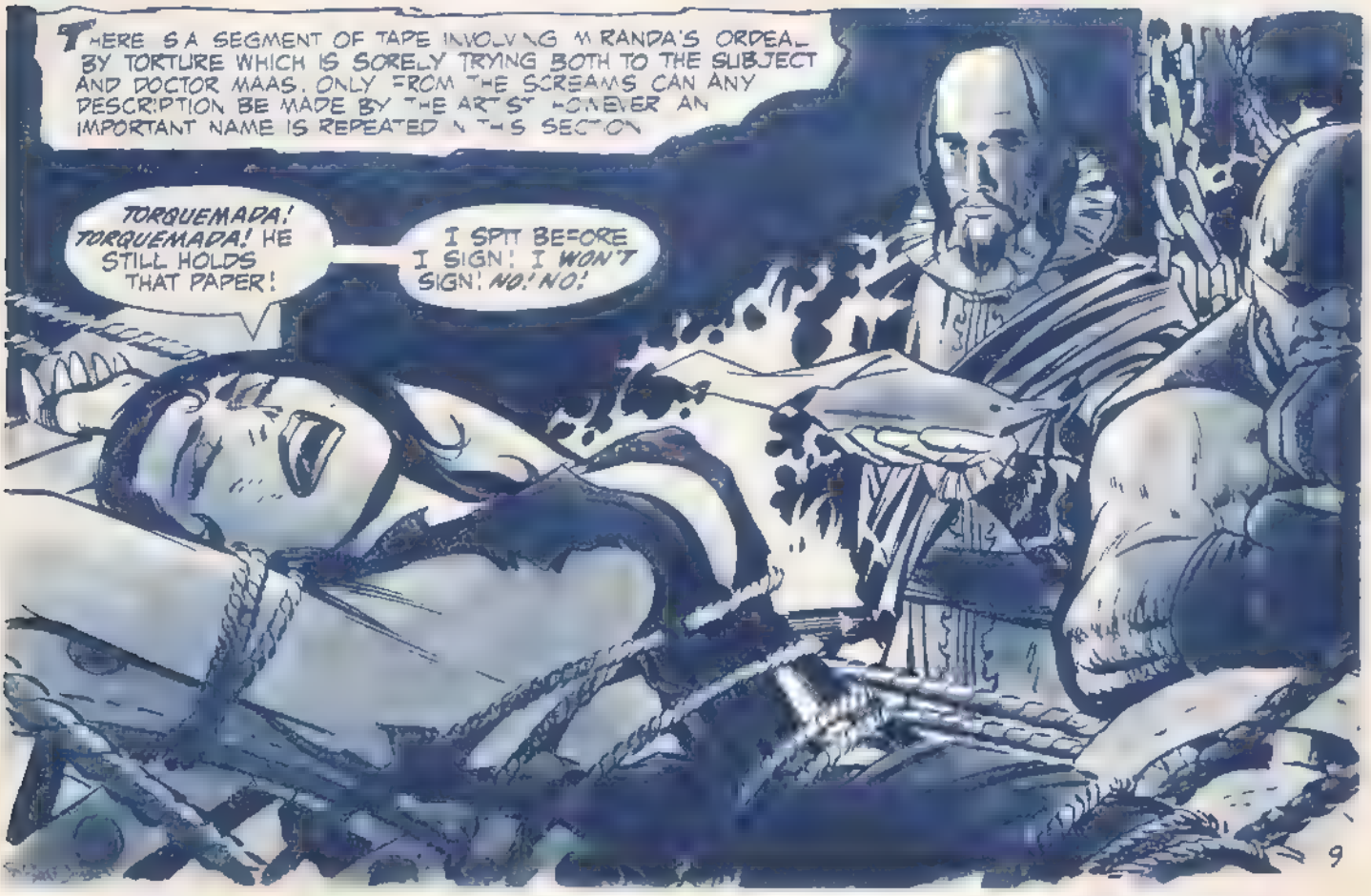

OH! LET ME GO! I'VE DONE NOTHING! I'M LOOKING FOR MY MAN!
IT IS IN THIS SEGMENT OF THE TAPE THAT MIRANDA IS SUDDENLY DISCOVERED AND APPREHENDED! ONLY, FROM BETH'S VO CE AND PRO-TESTATIONS COULD THIS "FILL IN" BE MADE...

SHE HAS BECOME THE OBJECT OF HOSTILE INTERROGATION! SHES ACCUSED OF BE NG A W TCH-- AND T-E CAUSE OF THE DAYS D SAS'ER.
YOU'RE MAD! I M HERE ONLY TO FIND M GUEL!

THERE IS A SECTION IN SPANISH, CONSISTING OF CRIES, TEARS, NEAR HYSTERIA! THEN IT SUBSIDES! WHEN QUESTIONING RESUMES, THE SUBJECT SPEAKS FROM A DUNGEON CELL!
LET ME OUT OF HERE, YOU DOGS! I'VE DONE NOTHING!!
CAROLA! WHY HAS SHE BEEN BROUGHT HERE?
DOCTOR MAAS' VOICE: YOU SPEAK OF CAROLA? WHO IS SHE?
CAROLA IS A SQUEALING BAG OF FEAR! A WOMAN OF MY TOWN! SHE SAYS THEY'RE ROUNDING UP ALL THOSE WHO KNOW ME: RELATIVES! NEIGHBORS!
I'M BEING HELD FOR THE INQUISITION! OH GOD! CAROLA IS ONE OF THOSE WHO WILL TESTIFY! AND SHE'S AFRAID. THEY'RE ALL AFRAID!
THERE IS MORE TAPE INVOLVING MIRANDA'S ENCOUNTER WITH NEW WITNESSES, THEN SHE TELLS OF FACING THE DREADED INQUISITORS.
I'VE BEEN BEATEN AND DRAGGED BEFORE THE INQUISITION! I WAS HELD IN A LARGE, COLD CHAMBER! AND MY ACCUSERS--
THEY BABBLE ABOUT WITCHCRAFT AND HERESY! HOW COULD I BE GUILTY OF THOSE!

DOCTOR MAAS' VOICE: YOU RE TERRIBLY AGITATED: CAN YOU SPEAK?
THEY'RE SHOUTING AT ME: DAMNING ME WITH THE WORDS OF LYING WITNESSES! ACCUSES ME OF ACTS I NEVER COMMITTED!
LIES! LIES! ALL LIES! I SHOULD NOT BE ON TRIAL, BUT YOUR OWN OFFICERS!

QUESTION: YOU'RE STRUGGLING. IS ANYTHING HAPPENING TO YOU?
IT'S NO USE! THEY WON'T LISTEN! THEY WANT ME TO CONFESS! I HAVE NOTHING TO CONFESS!
I MUST SUBMIT TO THE TORTURE! WHY? WHY?


THERE S A SEGMENT OF TAPE INVOLVING MIRANDA'S ORDEAL BY TORTURE WHICH IS SORELY TRYING BOTH TO THE SUBJECT AND DOCTOR MAAS. ONLY FROM THE SCREAMS CAN ANY DESCRIPTION BE MADE BY THE ARTIST HOWEVER AN IMPORTANT NAME IS REPEATED IN THIS SECTION
TORQUEMADA! TORQUEMADA! HE STILL HOLDS THAT PAPER!
I SPIT BEFORE I SIGN! I WON'T SIGN! NO! NO!

AND AFTER EVERY REPLAY, THIS IS WHERE THE INCREDIBLE ACCOUNT NEARS ITS END! IN THE SOUNDS OF A TEMPESTUOUS, STUBBORN GIRL BEING DRAGGED TO HER FATE, THE FINAL SCENE AT THE STAKE CAN BE DRAWN!
THEN THE SCREAMS! THE TERRIBLE SCREAMS! THE HORRIFYING ECHOES OF A MEDIEVAL AND BARBARIC PAST, CAUGHT ON THE PLASTIC SURFACE OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL PRESENT!!
I BURN! I BURN! HELP ME!
WHEN THE TAPE IS STOPPED, MARY BETH HADLEY IS DEEPLY AFFECTED BY WHAT HER OWN VOICE HAS PORTRAYED!
OH, MY GOD! I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! AND YET, IT ALL CAME FROM ME! AS IF IT HAPPENED TO ME!
IF THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION IS VALID, MY CHILD! IT DID HAPPEN TO YOU-- LONG AGO-- WHEN YOU WERE MIRANDA VELAQUEZA!
POOR MIRANDA! FOR HER SAKE-- I HOPE SHE WAS JUST A BAD DREAM--A FIGMENT OF MY OWN FEARS!
GREAT BREAKTHROUGHS ARE NEVER MADE WITHOUT TRIAL! NOW WE SHALL SEE IF THE DREAM HAS A BASE IN REALITY!
AND, SO IT BEGAN: THE RESEARCH THAT DUG INTO A PERIOD WHEN KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA ASSERTED THEIR RULE AND PLUNGED SPAIN INTO DOMESTIC WAR AND TURMOIL!
END

THE SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE!

In 1908, a fire brought the police to the home of Bella Poulsdatter Sorensen Gunness in La Porte, Indiana. There they found Mrs. Gunness' body, a victim of suicide, who had apparently sent her home up in flames just before she died. But even

and about her property. Apparently, Mrs. Gun-

men who answered her "Companion Wanted" newspaper ad, three women, and three children . . . all of which must surely establish her as

Recently, one of the major motion picture studios in Hollywood announced plans to film the life

Maas at first refused, fearing some sort of public-

improve her performance in the film by making

day evening and that's where I came into the picture.

I had begun working with Dr. Maas the previous Monday morning as a sort of assistant to him. By and large, this consisted of helping him document certain cases of the occult. That Tuesday evening found us in my Chevy, pulling up to the home of Miss Wilder. And what a home it

She seemed very anxious to lead us to the room she had prepared, but Dr. Maas was calm and relaxed. We finally settled down around a

than light. I had never been to an actual seance

proper to mention that. It was fascinating watching him at work. As we had entered the house, he hadn't said more than ten words—now he took charge . . . "My dear—I cannot contact this woman for you. You must do it yourself. I'll guide

made through your will power. At this, the three of us joined hands around the table.

Funny, my mind wasn't completely on the [illegible] about holding hands with such a gorgeous movie star and I tried to remember if I had introduced myself when we came in. I'll admit I was a little impressed in looking at Miss Wilder [illegible] male moviegoers are. Her long blonde hair and well-rounded figure were typical of the Hollywood starlets—but she had an additional quality which [illegible] sweet manner of conducting herself—smiling [illegible] ing as in any of her movies and it was difficult [illegible] dead spirits.

But I quickly shook myself out of [illegible] thought. Making the contact required [illegible] concentration. I strained for a moment [illegible] was biting her lip and fidgeting [illegible] fed by a loud clap and the three [illegible] trance, simultaneously. A pain [illegible] from above the mantle and [illegible] arm's reach. I picked it up [illegible] it—there was nothing odd. The [illegible] and I could see that the nail [illegible] bedded in the wall. A spiritual sign? [illegible] fluke accident? We all thought the same [illegible] passed through the room, extinguishing the candles and chilling me clear through. Then a voice suddenly began to come out of the wind. The [illegible] and Dr. Maas. We all listened intently and finally Dr. Maas broke the silence. He, apparently, had been able to make some sense out of the noise.

"We have summoned an unjust [illegible] one of her victims—a man. And a hostile man, at that. I detected great hatred for you, Miss Wilder—hatred as if he felt you were his murderer".

Deborah was incredulous. "After [illegible] myself as this Bella Gunness. Do you really think he believed it was me?"

[illegible] from her chair [illegible] started to fall [illegible] ight. Dr. Maas [illegible] , we had re-

[illegible] "I'm afraid we [illegible] alone right now. As it turned out, [illegible] she was still very nervous and she [illegible] pool.

[illegible] I was mulling [illegible] mmed that Dr. [illegible] was next door, and Debor[illegible] in the house, were [illegible] night in the [illegible] killed twenty-eight people! No [illegible] eased it in my mind. It still sounded like a bad horror movie—the kind where [illegible] wakes everyone up with her screaming [illegible] of the night. At least, I *think* I [illegible] I began to hear screams coming from the [illegible] sure at first—I was in strange surroundings and my imagination was already con[illegible] myself. But I woke Dr. Maas and he [illegible] he, too, heard the disturbance. I pulled on my pants and headed for the house at top speed.

[illegible] window. By now I heard the screaming vividly. There [illegible] with it and an occasional crashing noise. I raced around the house and finally found a way in through the garden. I stumbled through unfamiliar hallways in the dark and finally found myself at the top of the stairs, looking down on the living room where we'd conducted the seance.

Below me was Deborah, sprawled out on the floor but very conscious and still screaming. She [illegible] a diaphanous gown of which was ripped away from her body. She was pleading [illegible] , or something, not to come any nearer to her. I saw nothing menacing

her, but when I called out she didn't respond. I called again. She moved [illegible] and I started down the stairs.

The living room was a shambles. There was broken pottery on the floor which my boot had stepped on. No cuts, but I walked cautiously downward.

[illegible] I could make out words at first. It sounded like her voice, but she was screaming. "I didn't kill you! I didn't! Why won't you leave me alone." She choked the words out over and over. There was blood on her hand, apparently from a deep gash on her leg. I grabbed her wrists and she became [illegible] I let her go.

There was pounding on the door and I ran down the corridor to let in Dr. Maas. He followed me back in when I left her, but she was no longer on the floor. In fact, she was standing before the picture window and pounding on it. Dr. Maas yelled, but she kept pounding and he motioned for me to pull her away before the glass broke.

I started across the room and stubbed my toe on an over-turned table. As I stopped for a moment, I was in direct line with the immense window. Deborah's figure was outlined against it but I couldn't see through the window—there was something in it. It looked like a reflection but was obviously not from anything in the room or outside. I didn't have time to take a real look at it, but *it did* look like a man's leering face! I made it up to the window and grabbed Deborah away. Her last blow made a long crack in the window and I pulled her back onto the couch a few feet away. I looked back at the window—there was obviously nothing there, and as I turned back to Deborah I heard the window shatter behind me. The pieces of glass cascaded down onto the floor in a loud, cacophonous clatter. Dr. Maas joined me and, as he started to attend to Miss Wilder's cuts, he suddenly became aware of her disheveled nightgown and told me to get a blanket and some bandages.

I lit the living room as well as I could while Dr. Maas bandaged her leg. The whole place gave me an eerie feeling and I tried to sweep some of the broken glass outside but gave up. As Deborah revived, she began to struggle for a moment and finally realized where she was.

She got silent, and the next words [illegible] unbelievingly. "That [illegible] me to do this—this awful—to me." She [illegible] Dr. Maas' arm as he tried to give her a glass of water.

I had an idea what might have happened. It sounded fantastic, but I thought I had some notion of what had prompted all this. I started to mention it, but Dr. Maas signaled me not to discuss it in front of Deborah.

Finally, when she went up to put on some [illegible], we talked only until she was out of earshot. "That man, the one we inadvertently made contact with—I started to speak but Dr. Maas was obviously already thinking along the same lines. It didn't seem possible that the spirit had somehow escaped in the house with [illegible] broken in and [illegible] Deborah Wilder. When Dr. Maas had quieted the hostility against her, it was only an educated guess. Still, the [illegible] was somewhere beyond the classification of "nightmare". Deborah was not the kind of person [illegible] rampages. And I recall having seen some sort of face in the window, although [illegible] couldn't recall what it looked like. Dr. Maas said not to try and draw any immediate conclusions; to wait until a night's sleep had washed away the excitement. But I knew very well I'd get no sleep that evening—or for several evenings after. It was half past three when Deborah returned downstairs, wearing her dressing gown.

"I'm—I'm withdrawing from the picture," she announced.

"Why, Miss Wilder?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't go through with it. This has shaken me up quite a bit, you understand. I'd just as soon forget all about Della Cameron." She paused and [illegible] but it really didn't. Miss Wilder had gone through some kind of psychic ordeal which could not be fully comprehended by someone else. Just a nightmare? Possibly—but a professional actress undergoes a great amount of strain in any role and learns to cope with it. She wouldn't have quit the picture so easily if it had been something as simple as a bad dream. No, there was something more to it. Dr. Maas declined to speculate, saying that he really didn't have enough information. But, as you might imagine, that didn't fully satisfy me. The movie was never made. The studio had wanted Deborah Wilder and their only other choice had been frightened off by Deborah's experiences, and refused to be in it. A psychic phenomenon? Or just an hallucination? I wonder.

AND, NOW, LET'S CONSIDER THE SUBJECT OF TIME--AND MAN'S CONSTANT FASCINATION WITH HIS DESIRE TO PROGNOSTICATE--TO LIFT THE VEIL OF THE FUTURE!!
PHYSICALLY, OF COURSE, WE'RE ETERNALLY CHAINED TO THE "PRESENT"! BUT WHAT OF THE MIND!!--IS MAN'S MIND ALSO A PRISONER OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD?
--OR, IS THE MIND ANOTHER SORT OF INSTRUMENT--A PROBE, PERHAPS, WITH STILL UNRECOGNIZED CAPACITIES!!?
THAT'S WHY YOU SEE ME REGRESSING IN IMAGE, FRIENDS. A BIT OF VISUAL LICENSE, SO TO SPEAK!
THE PURPOSE IS TO CREATE THE POST-MEDIEVAL ATMOSPHERE IN WHICH ONE MAN UNCANNILY DEMONSTRATED AN ABILITY WE STILL HOLD IN QUESTION:
X-175
HERE WE ARE! OUR MAN SHOULD BE GROWING QUITE ACTIVE IN THIS PERIOD! I'D SAY HE'S ABOUT FOURTEEN YEARS OLD! MAKING HIS WAY IN THE SOCIETY OF RENAISSANCE FRANCE--IN THE YEAR 1517 A.D.!!
AND NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT MAKES THIS INDIVIDUAL SO SPECIAL!!

EERIE!! GRIPPING!! ACCURATE????

HERE ARE THE

AMAZING PREDICTIONS

TO THIS VERY DAY THEY REMAIN AN ENIGMA THAT WILL BE THE SUBJECT OF DISPUTE FOR CENTURIES TO COME! BUT HIGHLY RESPECTED ALTHORITY CLINGS TO THE CLAIM THAT A MAN WHO LIVED FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO CLEAVED THROUGH THE AGES--AND SAW THE **FUTURE!!**

THE RECORDS SHOW THAT HE WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1503 A.D. IN THE FRENCH TOWN OF ST REMY! HIS FAMILY CONSISTS OF HIGHLY ***RESPECTED*** PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE!--DOCTORS, LAWYERS, MATHEMATICIANS! BUT FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD, THE BOY SPEAKS IN THE ***REVELATION*** LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT ***PROPHETS!!*** WITH ***UNCANNY*** ACCURACY, HE PREDICTS THE OUTCOME OF SITUATIONS INVOLVING PERSONAL FRIENDS! HE IS A ***VISIONARY!*** AND NEVER LAUGHED AT!!

INSTEAD OF FADING WITH THE COMING OF MATURITY, THE VISIONS GROW STRONGER!! MORE VIVID!! MORE APOCALYPTIC!! GREAT RED FLASHES ILLUMINATE THIS MAN'S MIND--REVEALING VAST TABLEAUS, UNFAMILIAR TO HIS OWN TIME!!

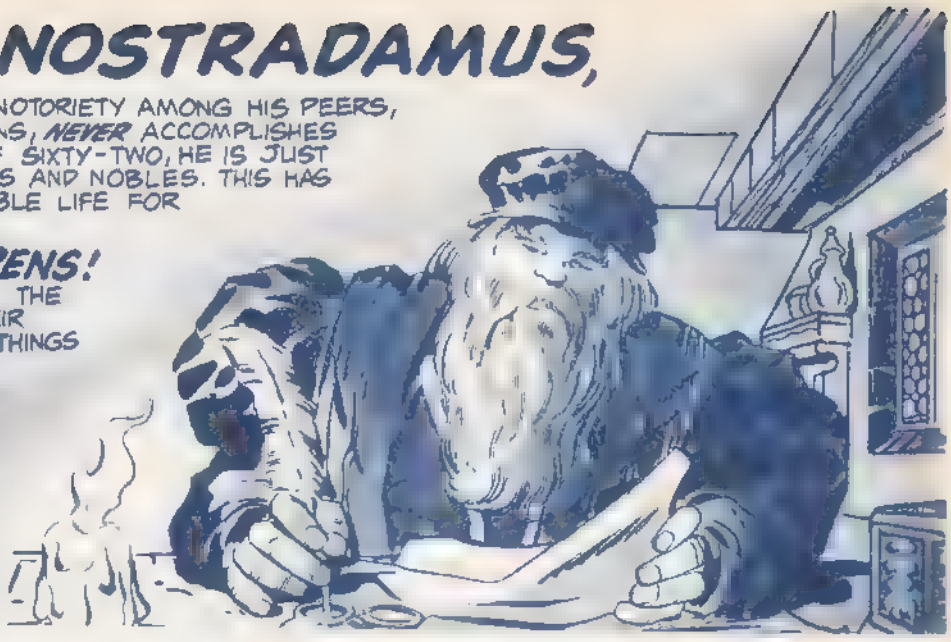
MICHEL DE NOSTRADAMUS,

WHO ACHIEVES A SORT OF SMALL NOTORIETY AMONG HIS PEERS, BECAUSE OF HIS PROGNOSTICATIONS, *NEVER* ACCOMPLISHES MORE THAN THAT! AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-TWO, HE IS JUST A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN TO KINGS AND NOBLES. THIS HAS EARNED HIM A RATHER COMFORTABLE LIFE FOR A MAN OF THAT PERIOD...

BUT SOMETHING HAPPENS!

NOSTRADAMUS IS TALKATIVE WITH THE *WRONG* PEOPLE! THEY *FATTEN* THEIR *OWN* REPUTATIONS BY REVEALING THINGS HE TELLS THEM IN CONFIDENCE!!!

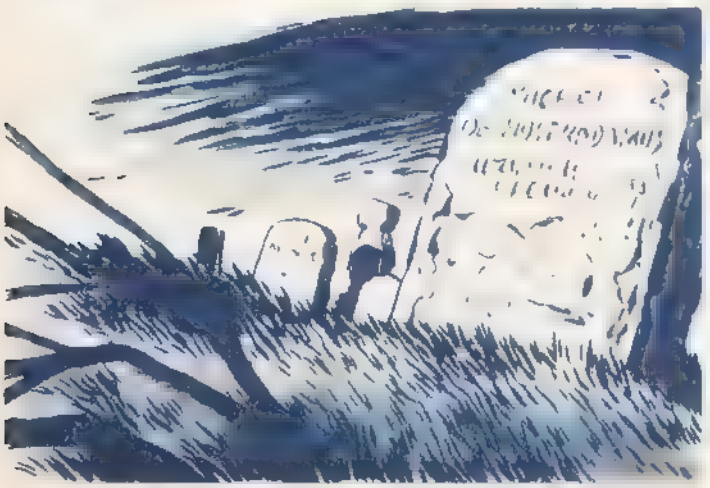
THEN NOSTRADAMUS DOES THAT WHICH MAKES HIM LEAP THE AGES!



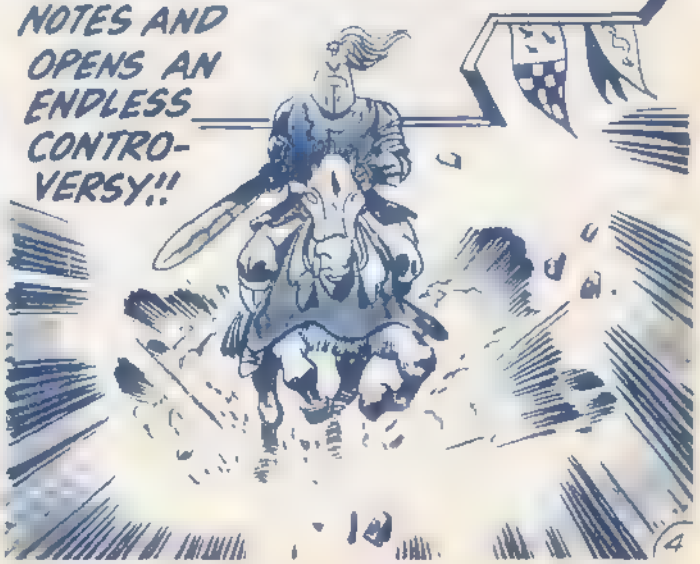
HE LEAVES *NOTES!* WHAT HE SEES BEYOND HIS OWN WORLD, HE CONSIGNS TO PAPER! HE WRITES IN PERSONAL *CODE*-- IN *VERSE*--IN WHAT IS REFERRED TO AS *QUATRAINS!*

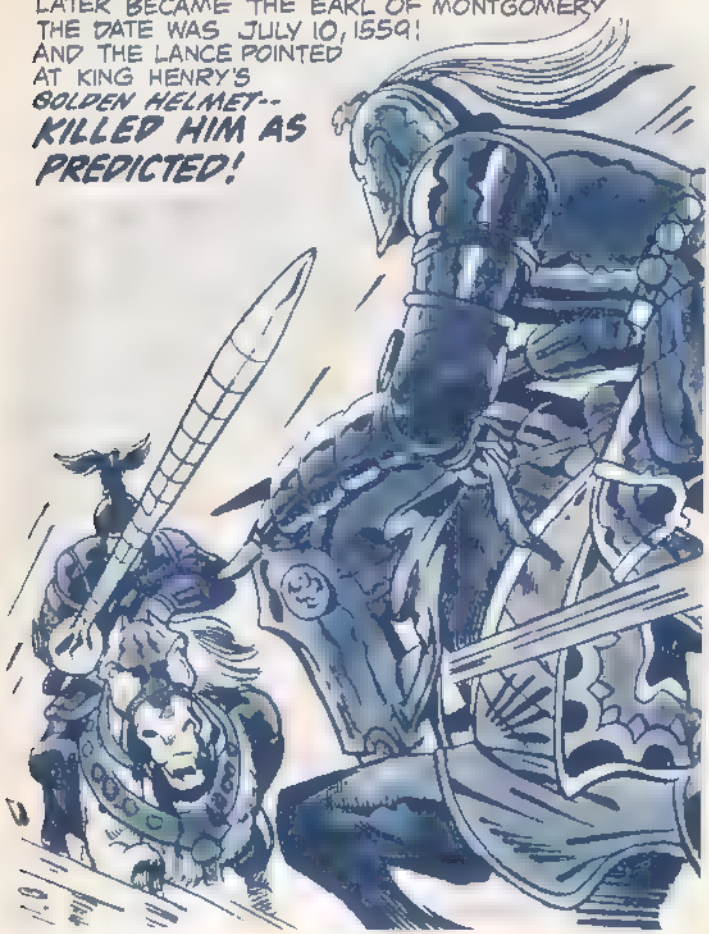
SUSPICIOUS AND IRRITABLE, HE *HIDES* HIS NOTES, EVEN FROM HIS OWN WIFE! AND THE WRITING ACCUMULATES IN VOLUME.. BUT ONLY NOSTRADAMUS, *HIMSELF*, KEEPS TRACK OF IT...

THEN HE *DIES* AT SALON IN THE YEAR 566 HE LEAVES BEHIND A FINE FAMILY--MANY FRIENDS AND A DUTY TO HIS FELLOW MEN. ***WELL DONE!!*** HIS IS ONE OF MANY GRAVESTONES ENTERING THE YEARS AND THE PEACE OF OBSCURITY.

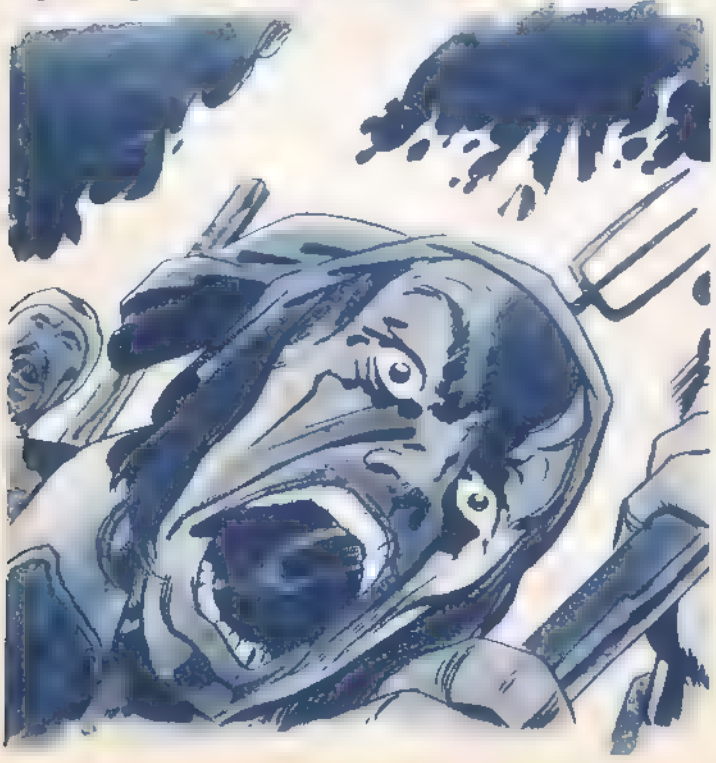


YEARS LATER, THIS RIDER CHARGES FROM THE DISCOVERED NOTES AND OPENS AN ENDLESS CONTROVERSY!!

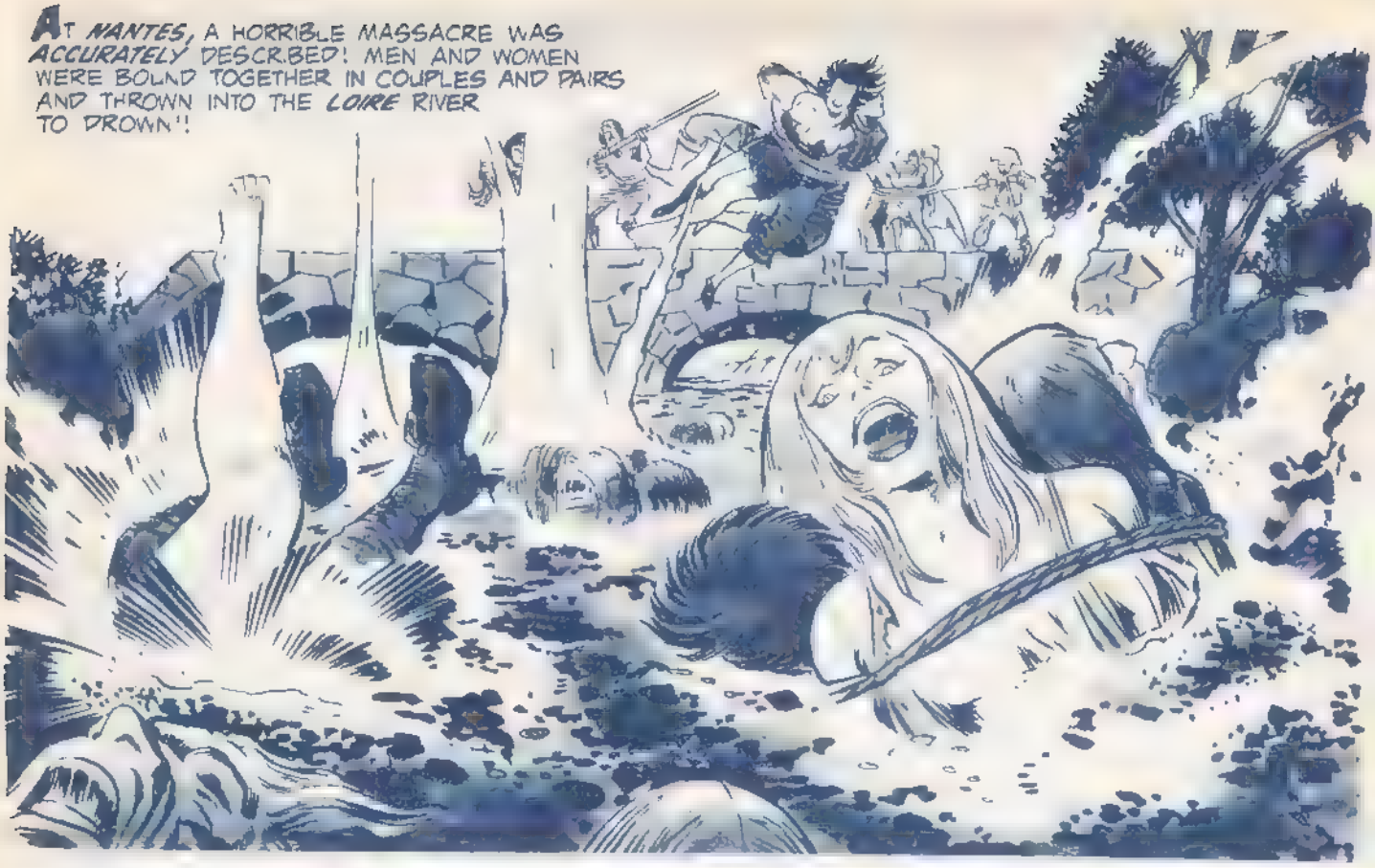



THE RIDER WAS KING HENRY II, OF THE HOUSE OF VALOIS!! HIS OPPONENT WAS CAPTAIN CORYES, WHO LATER BECAME THE EARL OF MONTGOMERY
THE DATE WAS JULY 10, 1559!
AND THE LANCE POINTED AT KING HENRY'S GOLDEN HELMET--
KILLED HIM AS PREDICTED!

NOSTRADAMUS, WHILE STILL ALIVE, HAD WRITTEN HENRY'S HOROSCOPE IN QUATRAIN FORM! READ IT!
THE YOUNG LION SHALL OVERCOME THE OLD ON THE FIELD OF WAR. IN SINGLE COMBAT HE WILL PIERCE HIS EYES IN A CAGE OF GOLD! THIS IS THE FIRST OF TWO LOPPINGS, THEN HE DIES A CRUEL DEATH!
OUR KING'S HELMET-- THE FATAL CAGE OF GOLD!


AS THE QUATRAIN INDICATED--THERE WERE TWO LOPPINGS. ON AUGUST 1, 1589, CAME THE SECOND LOPPING! KING HENRY III DIED THE SAME WAY--AND THE HOUSE OF VALOIS DIED A CRUEL DEATH!
PLACED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, THE QUATRAINS SPANNED THE CENTURIES--PREDICTING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION!!

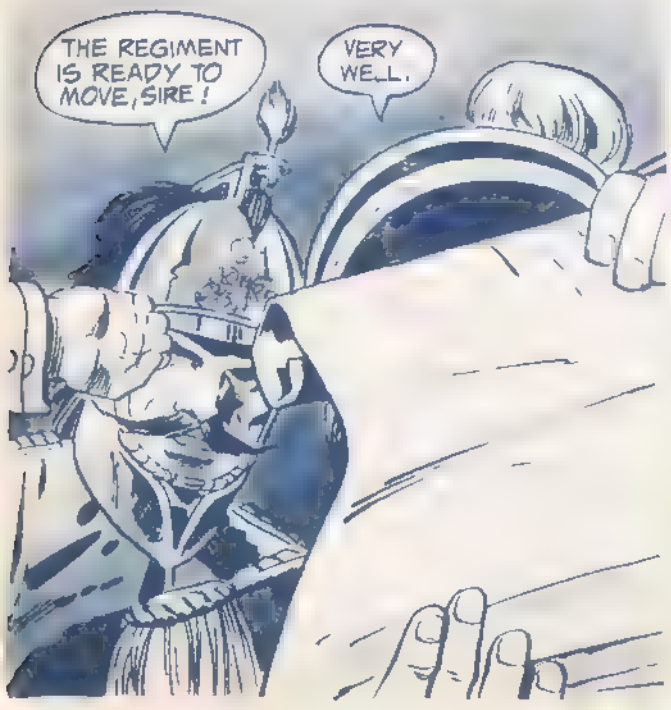
TIME AND TURBULENCE SWEPT THROUGH THE NOTES! THE VIOLENT REIGN OF TERROR! THE GUILLOTINING OF KING LOUIS VI AND HIS QUEEN, MARIE ANTOINETTE!!


AT NANTES, A HORRIBLE MASSACRE WAS ACCURATELY DESCRIBED! MEN AND WOMEN WERE BOUND TOGETHER IN COUPLES AND PAIRS AND THROWN INTO THE LOIRE RIVER TO DROWN!!

QUATRAIN:
IN THE *SOUTHERN* EXTREMITY OF WESTERN EUROPE, A CHILD SHALL BE BORN OF POOR PARENTS, WHO BY HIS TONGUE SHALL SEDUCE THE *FRENCH ARMY*.
HIS BRUIT SHALL EXTEND TO THE KINGDOM OF THE EAST.

DID NOSTRADAMUS PREDICT THE COMING OF THIS MAN?

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, BORN IN CORSICA, AN ISLAND OFF *SOUTHERN* EUROPE, *FULFILLED* THE SUCCESSIVE PREDICTIONS, STEP BY STEP IN PURSUIT OF HIS INCREDIBLE DESTINY! ALTHOUGH IN CODE FORM-- *THE NAMES AND LOCATIONS OF HIS CAMPAIGNS ARE* ***UNMISTAKABLY CLEAR!!***



THE QUATRAINS GO ON! A TROOP APPROACHES, COMING THROUGH SCLAVONIA! THE DESTROYER WILL RUIN AN OLD CITY. HE WILL SEE ALL ROUMANIA DESOLATED. NOR WILL HE KNOW HOW TO EXTINGUISH SUCH A BLAZE.

THE FIRES ROAR ON--FROM ROUMANIA TO MOSCOW! NAPOLEON IS BESET BY HOSTILE NATURE AND FAMINE! AS PREDICTED--HE BEGINS HIS RETREAT FROM THE EAST!

OF COURSE, LIKE PASSAGES FROM THE BIBLE, THE CODE OF NOSTRADAMUS CAN BE MADE TO FIT THE EVENT! YET IN SOME UNCANNY WAY--THEY FIT!!

NAPOLEON, EVENTUALLY TWICE N EXILE, S PUT ON BOTH ELBA AND ST. HELENA IN THE QUATRAINS!!

DOES MAN HAVE *NEGLECTED* FACULTIES HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN TRYING TO USE? OF ALL THE UNCOUNTABLE FAILURES--WAS NOSTRADAMUS--A STARTLING, SINGULAR *SUCCESS!!??*

HOW ABOLIT THE QUATRAIN WHICH PLUNGES AHEAD TO DESCRIBE *THIS* MAN!

THERE SHALL BE A BARBARIAN CONFLICT UNDER THE *BLACK STANDARD*, BLOOD SHALL BE POURED OUT! THE FRENCH SHALL TREMBLE!

WHEN, OF TROJAN BLOOD SHALL A *GERMANIC* HEART BE BORN, WHO SHALL ATTAIN TO VERY HIGH POWER!

—*ADOLF HITLER??*

SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL!

AIR MACHINES!! FIRE RAINING DOWN UPON GREAT CITIES!!

NOSTRADAMUS HAD BEEN BUSY WATCHING *WORLD WAR II!!*

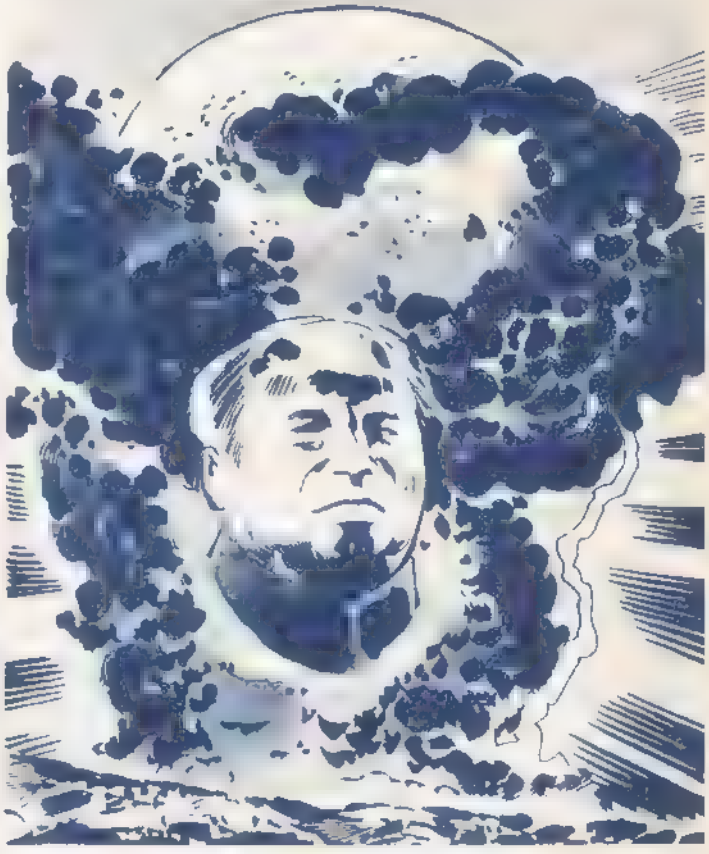
HE KNEW AMERICA ONLY AS THE *"GRANDE ESPAGNOL"!* IN THE DAYS OF NOSTRADAMUS, THE AMERICAS WERE *NEW* TERRITORIES DOMINATED BY *SPAIN!!* BUT THE GRANDE ESPAGNOL WAS THERE ON *'D' DAY!*

DEEPER, EVER DEEPER INTO THE FUTURE RUSH THE QUATRAINS.. THEY DESCRIBE A CONCORD OF NATIONS AND A PROVINCIAL PRODUCED BY THE SLAVISH FOLK FROM THE NORTH WHO SUPPORTS ONE FROM HAVANA!

REMEMBER THAT CONFRONTATION WITH THE BELLICOSE RUSSIAN, NIKITA KRUSCHEV?

BUT IN CHINA LIES THE GREAT MYSTERY! AND *PERHAPS NOT IN MAO-TZE-TUNG* AND HIS EARLY NUCLEAR CAPABILITIES! BUT SOMEWHERE--

BEYOND!!

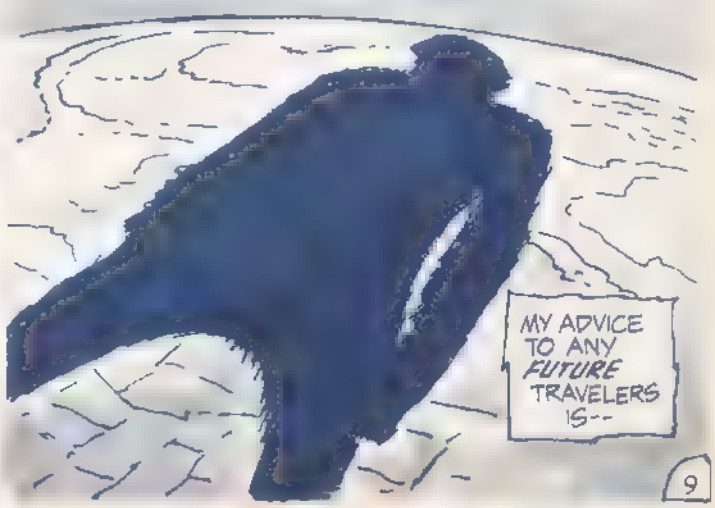


THERE ARE THREE HUNDRED QUATRAINS WRITTEN BY NOSTRADAMUS ENOUGH TO SPAN THE YEARS BEYOND OUR TIME! AND ONE OF THE *LAST* FEW BEARS AN OMINOUS MOOD IN IT'S ORDER AND VERSE!

I FEEL THAT THE MAN IT REFERS TO IS STILL BUT A SHADOW--A SHADOW BEGINNING TO LENGTHEN WHERE WE MAY ONE DAY SEE IT!

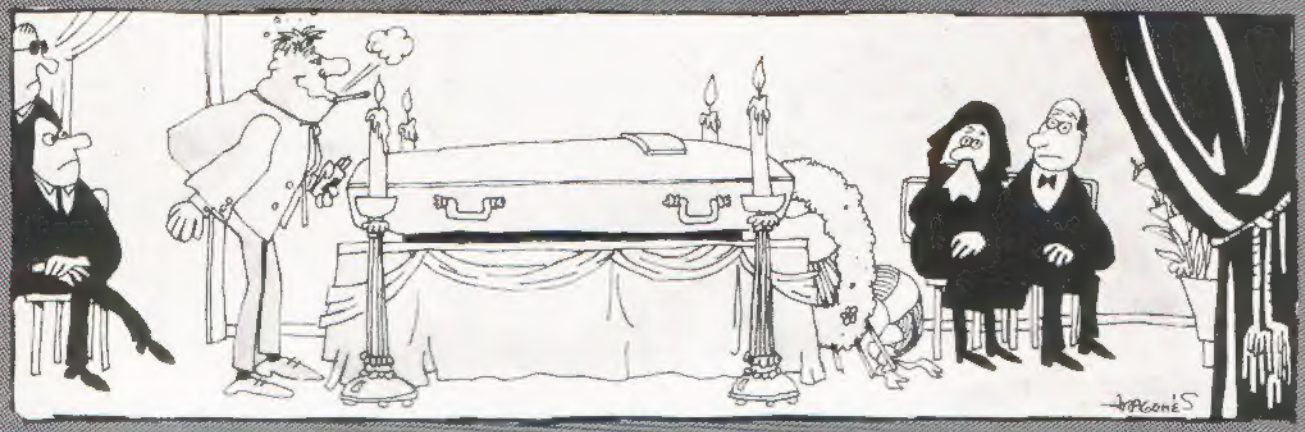
QUATRAIN:

"THE *ORIENTAL* SHALL COME FORTH FROM HIS SEAT TO PASS THE APPENINE MOUNTAINS TO FRANCE!! HE SHALL PASS FERE THROUGH THE SKY, THE WATERS AND SNOW, AND SHALL STRIKE *EVERY-ONE* WITH HIS ROD!!"

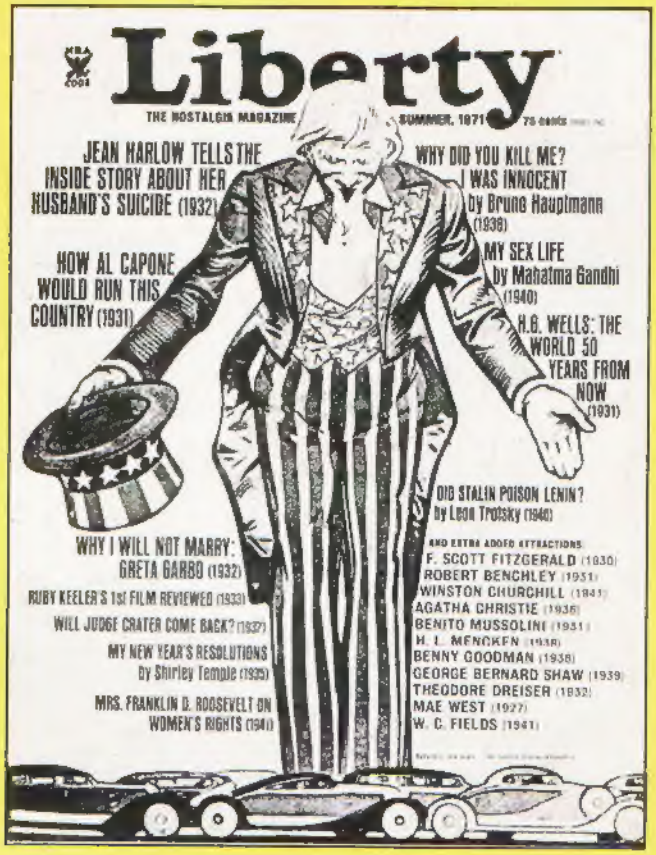


DON'T PLAN ON VISITING
PARIS IN THE YEAR 1983
END

WEIRD HUMOR



Give Me Liberty!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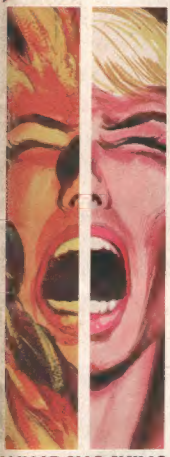
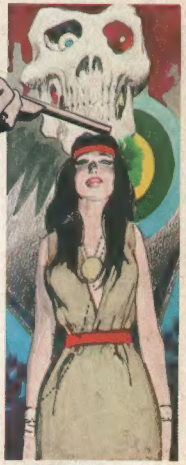


WHAT SHOCKING STORY DID THE GIRL UNDER HYPNOSIS TELL THAT PROVES ... "MEN CAN LIVE FOREVER!"

FOTO-FEATURE!



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